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SATURDAY REVIEW

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ENGLAND AND HER ALLY.

ENGLISHMEN are not likely to be so bitterly nettled at the omission of their name in the Imperial State Paper as the French were because the King of PRUSSIA refrained from any mention of the good offices of France in his speech on opening the Chambers. Still it is rather trying to the ordinary Briton to awake and find that, in an exhaustive manifesto on the map of Europe and on the future of European politics, the wishes and the designs and the existence of Great Britain are all ignored. The French EMPEROR has publicly taken us at our word. We have declared that for the future we mean to stand aloof from the vulgar brawls of the Continent of Europe, and to devote ourselves instead to the majestic task of violently forcing the Japanese to buy Manchester dry goods. The EMPEROR believes in the sincerity of the declaration, and ceases to take England into account as a European Power. Spain is included in his description of the distribution of European forces. The possible progress of Russia, and even of the United States of America, is thought worth reckoning in a calculation of the various elements which may go to the making of the future. Great Britain is relegated to the dim obscurity and insignificance which envelopes such Powers as Sweden and Holland. Nobody has any right to complain of this. In the late debate in the House of Commons upon foreign politics our rulers wished to make it plain that our chosen foreign policy is to have no policy at all. We have taken up an attitude of philosophic indifference to everybody's interests but our own, and NAPOLEON III. either believes that we mean to stick to it, or else he would fain pique us out of it. It is, however, much easier to put on a complacent air of philosophy than to saturate yourself with a genuinely philosophic temper. And unless you are really as loftily unimpassioned as you wish to be thought, nothing is more irritating than to be left out of all consideration and account, just as if you meant what you said. Consequently, the Englishman who, in spite of the material prosperity of his country, has still a great deal of the old Palmerstonian *Civis Romanus* feeling about him, may find himself somewhat sore at this unaccustomed indifference. People who do not go to parties still generally like the compliment of being asked. And on similar principles, though England has ostentatiously vowed that she will have nothing to do with foreign affairs, she would perhaps none the less like to have grandiloquent French civilities heaped upon her in the Imperial orations. The EMPEROR is endowed with the too keen logical power of the nation over whom he rules. If his ally thwarts him in nearly every project that he has entertained since the alliance was contracted, he tacitly assumes that such a connection is no alliance at all, and is certainly not worth mentioning in a document of which the object is business, and not idle talk. In the affairs of Poland, in the scheme for a Congress, in the affairs of Mexico, in the scheme for the recognition of the South, and in smaller matters equally, he found that the English alliance meant English disapproval and opposition. The further we are removed from those projects in point of time, the more indisputably clear does it become that, in the gist of these transactions, we were right and that the EMPEROR was wrong. Still this is not alliance. To make matters worse, not only were we compelled to oppose the Imperial plans, but, as the heaven-born RUSSELL was then Foreign Secretary by Divine Right, we were compelled to make our opposition as offensive as possible. Who can wonder that the EMPEROR, in reviewing his position, in taking stock of the political relations of Europe, should not think it worth while to waste a paragraph or a thought on an alliance which for ten years has produced little besides a bundle of rude despatches?

The recent Circular unquestionably marks a highly important point in the history of the French alliance. It shows

that, through the ostentatious repetition of our resolve not in any circumstances to resort to material influence, we have ceased to be respected as a source of moral influence. By the constant declaration that nothing short of invasion shall induce us to draw the sword in Europe, we have neutralized the effect of such a disinterested and eminently creditable act, for instance, as the cession of the Ionian Islands. We have lost all weight in critical emergencies where, though we may have no call to fight, we have, and it is our duty as a rational people to have, very strong opinions and very strong unselfish interests. The really elevated and noble side of English character counts for nothing, because most politicians and some journalists insist that foreign Powers shall see nothing but its selfish and meanly prudent side, as if that were the substance of the whole. The deplorable result is gradually dawning upon us. The mention in the EMPEROR'S Circular of that "irresistible power which is gradually causing the disappearance of minor States" has naturally inspired the liveliest uneasiness in Brussels, and among the politicians of Switzerland. The annexation of populations "with the same customs and the same national spirit" as France, which is spoken of as a very proper kind of territorial extension, is not unreasonably felt to have an unpleasant application to two countries in parts of which they use the French language and the French code. Now there can be no doubt that any move on the part of France in this direction would excite as violent feeling as England is capable of in any matter not immediately affecting the diffusion of dry goods. Whether the feeling would be violent enough to drive us into war, and whether such aggressions would be a just cause of war, are two very open questions. But thus much at least is clear—that, if the alliance between England and France had been anything deeper than a makeshift, if the English Government had pursued an intelligent and self-respecting policy, interfering only on occasions and in a manner in which interference could be effective, and displaying something like a compact, foreseeing, and generous system of national action, then English counsels could not have failed to tell with irresistible force against the bare conception of these freebooting projects. The example and weight of England in commercial matters strengthened the EMPEROR against a rebellious and stiff-necked section of his own subjects in the matter of Free-trade. In exactly the same way, in matters affecting the European State-system, if England had not vaunted her profound indifference to all Continental transactions whatever, her upright and disinterested policy must have strengthened the EMPEROR in controlling what he calls "the hope of obtaining by war a territorial extension."

For the French people have never shown any dead want of susceptibility in the presence of a disinterested example. They are not very much less sensitive about being surpassed morally than about being surpassed in the art of war. That keen spirit of emulation which has been so unfortunately kindled in the order of military ideas by the victories of their old antagonists, the Prussians, is capable of being more beneficently roused in the order of moral ideas. In the presence of a nobler political morality than his own, a Frenchman is as certainly impelled to obey it as a citizen of any other thoroughly enlightened country. In spite of some unpleasant relics of a bygone spirit, an Englishman may, without blind national vanity, take pride in the comparative disinterestedness of his country in European affairs. Considerations of the truest self-interest have taught us that territorial rapacity is a source of constant weakness and perturbation in the country which is afflicted by it, apart from its pestilent effects on surrounding nations. We have committed sins in our time in this way, but we have got a stage ahead of them now. Demands such as those shadowed forth in the Auxerre speech, intimations that if anybody else gets anything we shall insist upon having something too, are impossible in this country. Why, then, is so admirable an example thrown away upon France? Why do the keen,

and on the whole generous, people of that country lag behind, and fail to see the striking moral inferiority of the attitude which they have been assuming? Because England has been too anxious to give the ugliest and meanest aspect to her policy of which it is capable, and to set forth its principles in the most unattractive guise that they can be made to assume. Instead of saying that non-intervention in the recent war was the right policy for us because Germans knew their own affairs best, and because no political duty invited our interference, writers and speakers seem to prefer to explain our course, in this and all the similar crises of the Continent, by saying that, in the first place, we are an Asiatic Power; and, in the second, that, after all, our great and single duty in the universe is to diffuse unlimited quantities of dry goods. It is this colouring and tone which revolts foreigners against conduct that is substantially worthy of all their admiration. There is all the difference in the world between the august and dignified neutrality of a great nation and the mean neutrality of a small shopkeeper at a contested election, who does not care a straw for one principle more than another, but is only afraid of losing his customers. There was true dignity in the neutral attitude of the Emperor of the French in the late war, until the humiliating declarations—now humiliating in a double sense—about the necessity for territorial compensation. Apart from this fatal stain he could have preserved a splendid position throughout the contest. How is it that England takes just the same attitude on just the same grounds, with principles at least as good, and intentions much better, and yet without winning one jot of good-will or respect from a single bystander? The answer, we think, is plain. It is denied that England has any duties in Europe. It is presumed that she cares not at all for principles, and for customers a great deal. It is impossible to believe that this is more than a temporary state of national feeling. By the time the new Foreign Offices are completed, perhaps we shall have found some nobler purpose for them than being a colossal shrine for the god of gray shirtings.

ITALY AND ROME.

AS the time draws near for the promised evacuation of Rome by the French troops, it is natural that all eyes should be attracted towards the principal actors in the Roman question. The Pope, as yet, has scarcely made a sign. A handful of foreign mercenaries have certainly arrived to do duty when the French are gone, but their presence in the Papal territory seems more likely to hasten than to prevent civic tumult and commotion. Unless the Italian troops replace the French as self-constituted protectors of the Papal State, a small contingent of 1,200 mongrel volunteers will be no safeguard against the impetus which brigandage will receive by the withdrawal of the French flag, and visitors this winter at Rome will find their excursions into the Campagna restricted within intolerably narrow limits. If things were left to themselves, the Roman question would solve itself in the Christmas holidays. Every effort will assuredly be made by the Roman Liberals to keep order till the last French vessel has weighed anchor too long to permit of a speedy return, and a few months of suppressed disaffection may succeed to nearly twenty years of compulsory loyalty. But, even if the Roman citizens and the citizens of the outlying towns are quiet, the brigands of the overhanging mountains will not allow any preposterous notions about the comfort and convenience of the Vatican to interfere with their natural occupations. The task of restoring and preserving order ought naturally to pass into the hands of the Italian army; and if the Pope would only die, a new occupant of the Chair might acquiesce in the unsolicited protection secured to Rome by the Italian Kingdom. The only difficulty is about the Pope. Nobody knows what he will do. Perhaps he is at this very moment preparing another Encyclical, which will ring out over Europe at the execution of the Convention of September, just as the last Encyclical was an answer to the conclusion of the Convention two years ago. And what the Pope may say in Latin, when he once gets loose on the subject of modern infidelity and modern Liberalism, nobody can predict. If he is as vigorous as usual, the French and the Italians, and this time possibly the Prussians too, will hear a few home truths about themselves. The French are accustomed to such explosions, and nobody in France will much mind another Encyclical, except the Bishop of Orleans, and perhaps the Minister of the Interior. One or two illegal sermons will be preached, there will be the usual flutter of ephemeral pamphlets, and possibly at most an episcopal *appel comme d'abus*. French statesmen are familiar with all the punctilios observed in the polite professional war-

fare between Bishops and lawyers which is generally the result of a fiery Pontifical missive; but the French do not trouble themselves about the Pope any more than country gentlemen and country villagers in England mind their parson. But in Italy it is different. The Italians are engaged heart and soul in the task of reforming their ecclesiastical establishment, and settling on a firm and liberal basis the future relations of Church and State. An Encyclical which should be a repetition in any considerable degree of the last would be in reality a declaration of war against the Italian Parliament, and the situation of affairs in Florence has been so altered by recent events that it is not certain what the effect of such a Pontifical thunderbolt might be.

The final discomfiture of Austria could not but be, for many obvious reasons which it is unnecessary here to examine in detail, a heavy blow and discouragement to the Papacy. It must be remembered that the recent Prussian alliance, and the common action of the two Kingdoms in the late campaign, have tended to render Italy still more inclined and able to be independent of the French Empire. Hitherto the French Emperor has had a hold upon the Italians about Rome, because he was their natural protector against the armies of Austria, who, so long as she held Venetia and the Quadrilateral, and refused in any way to recognise the new Italian monarchy, threatened the very existence of Italy upon the Northern frontier. The Cabinet of Florence could not afford to sacrifice the patronage of the Cabinet of the Tuileries, and, dislike such patronage as they might, the Italians were bound to submit to it as a lesser evil, at any rate, than national annihilation. All this Italian dependence upon France is now swept away. The danger of Austrian invasion has for the present vanished into air. Venice has not proved such a rich blessing to the family of Hapsburg that they can be solicitous to recapture the bird which has been let go; and one merit, at all events, of the fiction of a voluntary transfer is that a province ceded for valuable consideration is less likely to be coveted by the grantor than territory of which he has been forcibly deprived by war. It is still true that France, in virtue of her superior military strength, can, if she chooses, overshadow Italy, just as France by brute force could, if she chose, overpower Switzerland and Belgium. And there is no doubt that pressure will be freely put upon the French Emperor to induce him to vindicate his diplomatic position in the eyes of Europe by insisting, at all hazards, on the temporal authority of the Holy See. The Pope's temporal power is part of the French Imperial programme, and so many portions of that programme have had by turns to be abandoned, that there is some danger of Frenchmen holding that it is necessary, for the sake of their prestige, to take their stand firmly on the remnant that is left. But though the Italians are no military match for the French, there are many questions, of which the Roman question is perhaps one, which do not depend purely on military considerations. Italy can certainly afford to be firmer now about the liberation of Rome than ever, and to maintain a bolder and more unflinching attitude, in spite of all that the Emperor may say and do. NAPOLEON III. must rely, after all, on the moral support of the French nation; and every step which Italy can dare to take in advance, NAPOLEON III., if he is as wise about Rome as about other things, will certainly recede. The aggrandizement of Prussia renders an Italian alliance an especial political advantage to France. It cannot be for the Emperor's interest to fling Italy straightway into Prussia's arms, or perhaps to give Count Bismarck the power of presiding over the solution of the Italian question, as NAPOLEON III. meant at the beginning of the year to preside over the solution of the German question. A reconciliation between the King of Italy and the Papacy is the card on which the Emperor should, and probably means to, declare to win; and if Italians are true to themselves, this reconciliation will be effected at the expense, not of Liberal constitutional principles, but of the temporal power and supremacy of the Pope.

Italy, then, is far nearer obtaining Rome than she ever was. The battle of Sadowa has lightened the burden of French influence under which her various Governments have been staggering ever since the campaign of 1859, and has made it possible for the Legislature of Florence to breathe freely. One of the immediate consequences will perhaps be a change in the situation of parties in the national Chambers. Office has of late years been in the hands of a Ministerial clique, on account, it may be, of the evident importance of maintaining a Ministry in power whose opinions would dovetail into the opinions of the Emperor

of the FRENCH. NAPOLEON III. has always been afraid that the Italian coach would be run away with, and a species of friendly and not always unwholesome terrorism has accordingly been often exercised upon the home and foreign policy of successive Italian Ministries. This the Italians will now endure no longer, nor is there any longer any reason why they should put up with it. The time is come when the leading strings, which have always seemed to them intolerable, are plainly unnecessary too, and the work of internal legislation will fearlessly proceed without risk of interruption or dictation from the Tuileries. French vanity will be partially, though not entirely, appeased by the reflection that Italian legislation is likely to be built on a French foundation. The principles, as they are called, or the theories of 1789 have been tacitly adopted in the main by Italian political parties of most shades of opinion, and the Italian Church, before many years, will probably be an institution similar to the Gallican. The national rights for which the French State, and some of the most enlightened of the French prelates, have always contended against Ultramontanism, are not likely to be abandoned by Italians; and, as the final emancipation of the Italian Church will not have been the result of a violent social and moral convulsion, there will be all the less danger hereafter of an Ultramontane reaction.

The troubles in Sicily have been a provoking sequel to the Italian history of the present year, but Sicily has from time immemorial been a focus of agitation and intrigue. Nobody, not even Lord MINTO, has ever been able to do anything with the Sicilians; and it was evident, from the time when the suppression of the religious corporations was mooted in the Italian Parliament, that disturbances in the island might not improbably be expected. The casual alliance between the momentary interests of democracy and Catholicism in Sicily has given rise to some comments, and, in religious circles on the Continent, to some ludicrous and extravagant hopes. It is not easy to say whether the cause of convents or of republics suffers most discredit by the conjunction. The insurrectionary hordes that have descended on Palermo represent that portion of the great unwashed of Sicily which might, by the force of circumstances, any day become either bandits, or patriots, or monks. The last of the three honourable professions has the advantage of being better fed and paid in the South of Italy, and Sicilian patriots are naturally anxious lest, if religious houses are abolished, and begging as well as robbing becomes unlawful, they may in the long run be compelled unfortunately to subsist by the labour of their hands. A foolish movement of the kind would be insignificant if Italy internally were in a more composed and settled condition. Now that the astrigent force of external aggression is removed, the bundle of sticks is more in danger of falling to pieces, and symptoms of disunion may perhaps be looked for (as in America and Germany) as soon as national unity is permanently assured. Part of the dark days of Italy are over, but her troubles as a self-governing nation have only just begun.

MR. BRIGHT AT MANCHESTER.

IT is surely a waste of time to be wrangling over the very petty issue whether the "Monster Reform Demonstration at Manchester" was, or was not, a success. It is as easy as it is immaterial to invent or to refute the statistics. Whether there were fifteen, or two hundred, thousand persons present may be a curious subject for the investigation of the COLENSO of the future; and it is always open to the professional optimizers to make out that a failure is what they call a moral triumph. It is a pretty study of the human mind to find the *Morning Star* congratulating itself on the bad weather, the dull speeches, and the evident damp which seems to have characterized the doings at Campfield on that most humid of Mondays; and we are almost reminded of the old paradox. The success is

great because it is so small:
Then 'twould be greater were it none at all.

However, for the sake of peace and quietness, we are quite ready to concede that there were two hundred thousand people present, and that those eminent persons BEALES and ODGERS, LUCRAFT and HOOSON, and ERNEST JONES made speeches in the rain which even the *dura illa* of the reporters could not digest. There is little or no doubt that on Saint Monday in the manufacturing districts a good many thousands could be got together to witness the bottle conjuror, if he entered Manchester in procession with bands and banners. To say this, on the one hand, has a certain truth in it, but it is a useless truth; and, on the other, to prove the statistics, even could they be established, is superfluous. This or that Great Demonstration may be a

success or a failure. But what we are concerned with is that these things exist; that they will go on all the autumn, and that something like them will be the standing dish all the winter; that Mr. BRIGHT has been, never mind by whom, saluted as Tribune of the People, and seems to have accepted the honour or duty, whatever it is; and, further, that Reform of some sort or other will be influenced in some way or other by this sort of thing. In the face of these considerations it is very otiose to be criticizing Mr. BRIGHT's speech. It may be, and we believe is, true that the Free-Trade Hall oration was only the Birmingham oration furbished up, like a country parson's crack sermon, with a new head and tail, but substantially the old story. The new points made at Manchester were the intimate knowledge possessed or professed by Mr. BRIGHT of the QUEEN's private sentiments, and Mr. BRIGHT's personal attack on Lord DERBY. Merely as memoranda important to Mr. BRIGHT's biographer, these two variations on the old tune are important as characteristics of the man. What Mr. BRIGHT said of the QUEEN he knew to be nonsense—first, because he could not possibly have any knowledge on the subject; and next, because he could not but be aware that, under the present Constitution, the QUEEN's personal opinions are quite irrelevant. It shows how much Mr. BRIGHT must have calculated on the political ignorance of his hearers that he could venture on identifying the QUEEN's Speeches to Parliament with her private sentiments. As to what he said about Lord DERBY, this is probably only intended as a political hedge; and all that was meant by it was an offer, on Mr. BRIGHT's part, to aid the dispossessed Whigs in an immediate and ugly rush for the Treasury benches. If we were asked to give a *précis* of the political value of Mr. BRIGHT's speech, we should say that it seems to suggest a coalition and a compromise with the Whigs. He seems to hint:—"If Mr. GLADSTONE will disavow or abandon his promise not to oppose a Reform Bill at Lord DERBY's hands, I am ready to help you back to office in the first week of the Session. As to all these meetings, you, the pure Whigs, need not be alarmed at them. You are not asked to go with them entirely; for my part, even I do not absolutely commit myself to them. But if you will only let them go on, wink at them, or, better still, encourage them with whatever faint show of partial disapproval you like, you shall be in office again." And of course with the Whigs in office, and helped into office by Grand Demonstrations by BEALES and JONES, it is strange if Mr. BRIGHT does not dictate the future of Whiggery, and of something much more important. There is nothing very new in this. It is the familiar dodge of the demagogue, though the present generation is apt to forget O'CONNELL's memorable Lichfield House compact.

What is much more important is Mr. BRIGHT's second speech. This may be considered as an allocution *in camera*, as when the POPE addresses the Cardinals in Consistory. JUPITER PLUVIUS being adverse to the torchlight part of the affair, Mr. BRIGHT supplied some fireworks for the gratification of an after-dinner party. The peaceful demonstrations failing, Mr. BRIGHT is for physical force at last. This is what he calls an abstract principle. "It is no more immoral for a people to use force in the last resource, for the obtaining and securing of freedom, than it is for a Government to suppress and deny that freedom." Nobody pretends to deny it. We all know that the revolt of the Israelites against the Egyptians received divine sanction. The question is, What is freedom, what is its denial, and at what exact point does the duty of insurrection begin? Nothing that Mr. BRIGHT can now say will surprise either his adherents or his critics; but he must know how very miserable this sort of talk is. But, as before, we are not concerned with what Mr. BRIGHT chooses to say, but with its probable consequences. This sort of thing will probably tell, but it may tell in two ways. It may lead to a paroxysm of terror in statesmen generally. There are times in which it would. As Bishop BUTLER used to speculate, popular insanity is always possible. Still there are considerations which make us doubt whether the general state of the atmosphere is such as to render an outbreak or epidemic of popular frenzy probable just now. But that there should be a contingency at all is ugly; and it was precisely to forestall and to anticipate what is now happening that reasonable politicians urged all parties, during the late Session, to settle the Reform question. The late Government must have known, or ought to have known, that of the two it was better to make the best of their necessities, and accept at the hands of the majority what they could get. And the same duty of submitting to a compromise pressed upon Lord DERBY's great party. With whatever drawbacks, the late Bill might, if there had been on either side a sincere or statesmanlike estimate of the situation, have been gene-

rally accepted. Obstinacy, and the point of honour, and pique, has placed the country under conditions which, if not absolutely perilous, may lead to peril. No doubt it is something that the Reform League exhibits a programme which is distasteful to the middle-class mind. Of whomsoever the demonstration consists, it is not of the shopkeepers; not, we suspect, of the savings' bank depositors; not of the old and recognised local Liberals. One of the after-dinner speakers at Mr. BRIGHT's banquet, a Manchester Alderman, admitted that "nine-tenths of the country were against an extension of 'the franchise'; and, in spite of Mr. BRIGHT's angry 'No, 'no!' he was of the same opinion still. If this is the judgment of a fervid Radical, we may be allowed to think that the present agitation is not exactly popular. Those who are old enough to remember the Anti-Corn-law demonstrations can tell by what a very different sort of men they were carried on. BEALES and JONES and ODGERS are only Chartists; and when it comes to an estimate of what the actual leaders are, the late Mr. FEARUS O'CONNOR becomes respectable in comparison with his successors. But popular movements do not always reproduce themselves, and the contemptible and ludicrous elements which are now at work may lead us to take an imperfect estimate of the future. At all events it will not do simply to laugh at the dripping and humid fools and fanatics of Campfield.

Mr. BAINES has, we think, exhibited the true duty of a patriot in the present emergency. He has said why he will have neither part nor lot in Mr. BRIGHT's proceedings. Mr. BASS, Mr. BRIGHT's late host, is even more explicit. In a letter to the *Scotsman*, he says:—"Unfair and unwise as I regard the present restricted franchise, I would rather a thousand times stick to where we are than resort to manhood suffrage to cure our 'political complaints.' Of course common honesty (not Mr. BRIGHT's honesty) would dictate this course. But it is now the duty of all sincere Liberals to say at once and openly why they decline to assist in a policy made up of cajolery and terrorism. Mr. BRIGHT talks of the sacred duty of winning freedom at any cost. It therefore becomes imperative on all patriots to say that they do not identify freedom with universal suffrage, and that they are not prepared to hand over this country and its destinies to those classes which have the least education, the least intelligence, and the scantiest results of civilization. Mr. BRIGHT may think proper to denounce this as a slander on the working-man. But he deals in safe and empty generalities. He can tell us of natural rights, and of the prime necessity of interesting the governed in the working of government; and he dwells, not without force, on these undoubted axioms. But there is one other axiom which is quite as important; that government ought to be lodged in intelligent hands. Mr. BRIGHT wants us to model our institutions on the American pattern. Here is a voice which just reaches us from the United States. Speaking of the present political crisis, a leading New York journal says:—"If our experience has taught us anything, it is that our political system has failed to secure us virtue, capacity, wisdom in our rulers. . . . The deterioration which has brought us to this 'depth of degradation has progressed uniformly with the growth of demagogism. . . . In the nature of things, it is folly to expect judicious decisions of great national issues from an ignorant, impressible populace, marched from the impassioned philippics of an adroit orator to the ballot-box. It is madness to leave the final appeal to the judgment of a mass mainly composed of such elements as no sane man would repose confidence in on the simplest everyday affairs. The greatest difficulties, it is true, must attend any effort to restrict the suffrage. It is hard to see clearly in what quarters curtailment should be made, or upon what principles the right to vote should be awarded; but there is yearly less and less doubt that our national prosperity, if not our national existence, can only be preserved by abandoning a republicanism based, as every temperate observer must admit, upon the most Utopian misapprehension of human progress." The suffrage which American statesmen would gladly restrict we are called upon indefinitely to expand. What Mr. BRIGHT has to prove is that what has happened in America will not happen here. He has to show, not that there are faults in the present distribution of the suffrage, not that the present voters are corrupt or open to all sorts of evil influences, but that universal suffrage can or will, from the necessity of the case, correct all these evils, and will make us all at one stroke more virtuous, more intelligent, more prosperous, more powerful at home and abroad, and all the rest of it. Till this has been shown, Mr. BAINES and Mr. BASS decline to recommend universal suffrage, and, not liking universal suffrage, they will not attend meetings held to agitate

and terrorize for it. This is their view of personal honour. Mr. BRIGHT estimates political duty differently. He thinks it honourable and becoming to egg on to the verge of rebellion those with whom he has perhaps no sympathy at all. In other words, he does not disdain to use the working-man for ends which he has not the candour to avow.

GERMAN AND FRENCH LIBERALS.

THE irritation which has been excited in Prussia by the French comments upon the results of the war has induced a German historian of some eminence, a former Deputy and an old opponent of Count BISMARCK in the Chamber, to come forward with a philosophic account of the existing situation. M. DE SYBEL has written a letter to M. FORCADE, which the latter has had inserted in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is very lengthy and elaborate, as becomes a German author, and sets forth Prussian policy in an historic light which is very plausible, and is probably very sound and defensible as well. For those who have watched and studied the recent course of political events in Germany, M. DE SYBEL's line of argument will scarcely do more than corroborate convictions which they have already reached. The gist of what he says is that Austrian influence was the curse of Germany, and that, so long as it subsisted, no good thing could be done in the Fatherland. Prussia, representing the spirit of progress in commerce, in the arts, and in thought, found herself fatally hampered in every attempt to move a step forward by the crafty machinations of Austria, representing the spirit of reaction and retrogression in every department of national activity. The petty princes were the instruments by means of which Austria divided Germany and preserved an artificial and unstable supremacy. She guaranteed their power against their subjects, and relieved them from every national obligation, on the simple condition that they should follow her lead. "What would you say in Paris," M. DE SYBEL very pointedly asks, "to a constitution which should give the Marquis of CARABAS or the King of YVETOT the right of preventing any single change in the law, which should concede to the Mayor of Bordeaux or the Prefect of Lyons the power of stopping any alteration in the Customs' tariff, which should recognise in the monarchs of Belgium or Spain the power of prohibiting the construction of a new fortress?" In Germany, he proceeds, they had no fewer than thirty such Kings of Yvetot, each of whom, under the protection of Austria, was maintained by the Federal Constitution in the possession of these monstrous privileges. The only parallel in French history to the position of Prussia under such circumstances must be sought for as far back as the fifteenth century. If CHARLES the Bold had defeated the Swiss, and transmitted all his territory, including Burgundy and Lorraine, to his son-in-law MAXIMILIAN of Austria, and if CHARLES V. had succeeded MAXIMILIAN with all this vast power, what would have been the position of France under FRANCIS I.? A position exactly analogous to that of Prussia in the German Confederation presided over by Austria. Perhaps this is rather too professorial a way of putting things, but still it conveys with graphic force the truth which the French Liberals have found so hard to realize, that Prussia was emphatically incomplete, and perilously weak in consequence. But M. DE SYBEL shows in detail how Prussia was thwarted in every project by the action of Austria, backed up as she was by the petty princes. The Treaty of Commerce with Italy is one of the instances in point. "Austria made almost a *casus belli* of any thought of commercial relations with those Italians who had ventured to drive two archdukes out of Florence and 'Modena.' Such a situation was plainly intolerable for Prussia. The Treaties of 1815, which had been drawn up in the interests of Austria, were as odious to Liberal Germany as they were to France. They were the product and embodiment of the reactionary triumph, and German history since 1815 has been the history of the rebellion of Liberal and progressive ideas against this grievous burden.

Of course there is the awkward fact—awkward, that is, for the writer's theory—that Prussia herself has been a reactionary Power for the last fifty years. In 1819, in 1833, in 1848, we find that the Government which for the future is to be in the van of the democratic movement in Germany was dead on the side of reaction. But this was all the fault of Austria, it appears. In 1819 METTERNICH raised the ghost of a pretended democratic revolution, won over the Prussian Court to his baleful ideas, and "thus, supported by Prussia herself, he triumphed over our partisans of German unity." We can scarcely help thinking that gratitude for the ruin in which the present Government has overwhelmed the obstinate foe of

German democracy has made M. DE SYBEL willing to look on the past history of the Prussian Court with too favourable eyes. It was not mere innocence and simplicity which surrendered the Prussian monarch, either in 1819 or in 1848, a victim to Austrian arts. Count BISMARCK scarcely dissembles the resistance which his policy has had to encounter from backstairs influence at the palace, and his estrangement from the Upper Chamber is palpable. Even now it remains to be proved whether the Liberal element is strong enough in Prussia to keep her rulers in the track which, according to M. DE SYBEL, they would never have left but for the insidious influence of the Power which has at length been thrust out of the councils of Germany. Rooted aristocratic traditions are not soon or easily extirpated, and a German Liberal should not allow his imagination to be so inflamed by military pageantry in the Linden avenue as to blind him to the thousand reasons that exist for thinking that absolutism is only scotched, and not killed. Democracy of the Caesarist type is a much more probable outcome of the policy of Count BISMARCK than that other sort of democracy which forms the ideal of doctrinaires. M. DE SYBEL is now showing, as against a French Liberal, how good a thing German unification is; perhaps before long he may join his present opponent in trying to show how bad a thing is a system of government which deliberately ignores the views and wishes of all journalists, professors, and *littérateurs*. M. DE SYBEL, indeed, maintains that "for every Prussian statesman, without exception, the question of German unity is incontestably a school of Liberalism." And there can be no doubt that the abolition of the princelets is essentially a violent Liberal measure. Still, for a very long time to come, in spite of the fair words of the KING—unless the result should be precipitated by a downright revolution, which is perhaps not quite impossible—the German Liberals will be busied chiefly in registering the decrees of a military Cabinet.

The enthusiasm of the German writer and his fondness for historic parallels carry him so far as to make him interpret recent events as being to his country what the immortal year '89 was to France. We want, he says, a reorganization of the most fundamental kind, with a view to two ends—security of frontiers, and *libres rapports* within them. The reorganization will involve new military arrangements, new laws in civil affairs, new industrial and customs' ordinances. It is to be hoped that this gigantic task may be achieved in a pacific and orderly way, and that Parliamentary institutions may be found a sufficiently potent organ for its accomplishment. The only thing, he adds, with immense significance, which would certainly prevent us from working out our '89, would be such a foreign intrusion as prevented France from working out her '89. In case of such intrusion, "the Parliamentary debates would degenerate into revolutionary convulsions," and all Germans, North and South alike, would hasten with frantic haste to range themselves under the statesman who would most rapidly lead them against the foe. As M. DE SYBEL's studies happen to have been devoted mainly to the great French Revolution, it is not unnatural that he should like to trace an analogy between the late events in his own country and that terrific convulsion. But the comparison will not hold water for an instant. M. DE SYBEL knows how much material bankruptcy and anarchy and ruin had to do with the French Revolution, and he knows that, on the other hand, the material condition of Prussia is admirable. At nearly every other point the analogy would break down as utterly as here. Prussia might be better off than she is, no doubt. So might England be better off. But this is a long way, in either case, from furnishing adequate grounds for any sort of comparison with '89. Still the sting of M. DE SYBEL's comparison is not less pointed on this account. If Germany sees what France saw in 1791, a foreign force arrayed for the invasion of her territory, she will rise as France arose. It is to be hoped that the French Liberals will listen to their friend's hint. There is also a good deal of point in his calculation that within the last hundred and fifty years Prussia has only had five-and-twenty years of war, while France reached that figure before the outbreak of the Revolution. Such a calculation is a forcibly ironic comment on the alarms which the literary classes of France have so vehemently professed.

The termination of the Session of the Prussian Chambers without any rupture, in spite of the victory which the Ministry won on the question of the Reserve Fund, though creditable to the temper of the Liberals, is not surprising. Count BISMARCK, with his usual frankness, made out a case that was too strong to be resisted, backed as he was by the conspicuous triumph of his former policy on the subject of the Reserve;

and judicious concession on points of detail still further ensured his victory on the main question. It is pretty clear, however, both from the course of the Opposition in the Chamber, and from such documents as M. DE SYBEL's, that the Liberals are biding their time. It is left to the German Parliament to inaugurate the great democratic millennium.

THE CANADIAN EXTRADITION CASE.

THE French Government—acting, it may be hoped, through agents whose interpretation of international obligations is not that of their superiors—has contrived to justify all the opposition to an Extradition Treaty which seemed so strained and exaggerated only two months ago. It is fortunately not necessary, in giving an opinion on the recent kidnapping exploit of the Paris police, to feel or express any sympathy with the misfortunes of M. LAMIRANDE. It is most desirable that such a case as this should be viewed exclusively in its legal aspects; and, luckily, the offence with which the prisoner was charged is one which the wildest political enthusiasm can hardly invest with any romantic interest. M. LAMIRANDE, it appears, retreated to Canada, carrying with him 700,000 francs which he had obtained by making false entries, in his capacity of cashier, in the Poitiers branch of the Bank of France. He was followed to Montreal by a French inspector of police, and brought before the police magistrate of that city, on a warrant obtained from Lord MONCK. The magistrate decided that the provisions of the Extradition Act had been complied with, and committed him to prison as a preliminary to handing him over to the French official. On the following day, however, the prisoner's counsel applied to the Court of Queen's Bench of Lower Canada for a writ of *habeas corpus*. In England such an application would have been granted almost as a matter of course, and any argument upon the legal points involved would have been reserved until the prisoner had been brought before the Court. In Lower Canada, however, a different rule seems to be followed, and Mr. Justice DRUMMOND delayed issuing the writ in order to hear counsel on behalf of the Bank of France. If M. LAMIRANDE's captors had felt any confidence in their own case, they would probably have waited patiently for the issue of the proceedings in the Queen's Bench. As it proved, however, they were perfectly aware that they had no legal grounds on which to rest their demand.

The claim for extradition was bad from first to last. Throughout the proceedings illegality had followed upon illegality. The requisition for the delivery of the prisoner had not been made by the proper person. Instead of being the act of an ambassador, or of an accredited diplomatic agent, it purported on the very face of it to come only from the French Consul-General for British North America. The necessary *mandat d'arrêt* was not forthcoming, and the only document produced before the police magistrate was an unauthenticated English translation of an irregular French statement; from which latter fact it further followed that the commitment had been made without sufficient evidence to substantiate the charge according to Canadian law. And, to crown all, the offence of which the prisoner was accused does not, as was decided only last year at Westminster, amount to forgery, and is consequently not included among the four crimes which alone are mentioned in the Extradition Act. Under these circumstances, it was quite clear that M. LAMIRANDE would be discharged from custody as soon as the Court sat next morning. But he had to deal with a captor whose soul soared above those idle technicalities by which the administration of substantial justice is so often impeded. The Bank of France had probably made it worth Inspector MELIN's while to undergo some additional risks in securing the fugitive, and he seems to have been furnished with the requisite means for obtaining hearty and sympathetic assistance from the Canadian officials concerned. Four-and-twenty hours well employed were sufficient to put everything straight. On the morning of Friday, the 24th of August, LAMIRANDE was remanded. On the morning of the 25th the writ was issued, and the gaoler made his return, stating that, in obedience to a warrant signed by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, he had, at twelve o'clock on the previous night, delivered over the prisoner to the person authorized to receive him on behalf of the French Government. So far as regarded LAMIRANDE, there was obviously nothing more to be done; and the Court adjourned, after transmitting to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL the particulars of what it justly describes as "one of the most audacious and hitherto successful attempts to frustrate the ends of justice which have yet been heard of in Canada."

The events of this remarkable Friday deserve, however, from the position of some of the persons concerned in them, to be dwelt upon more in detail. It is to be observed, in the

first instance, that the counsel employed by the Bank of France were the law partners of Mr. CARTIER, the Attorney-General for Lower Canada, and it seems impossible that the warrant could have been obtained from Lord MONCK without the intervention of these gentlemen. That it was obtained upon a false representation Lord MONCK has himself stated, his impression being that the issue of the order would not interfere with the action of the Court of Queen's Bench. What idea the GOVERNOR-GENERAL could have entertained of the contents of the document it is difficult to say, and it is certainly to be regretted that he did not take the trouble to read it before signing. That he did not take this precaution is pretty evident, as, if he had done so, he would have seen that the warrant bore a false date, and purported to be signed at Ottawa, though he had left that place for Quebec. This carelessness is the more remarkable because Lord MONCK had already been warned by the prisoner's counsel that some underhand means might be used to prevent him from obtaining the opinion of a superior Court on his case. It must be added, however, in justice to the Governor, that the papers are understood to have been presented to him by the Solicitor-General, who is said to have assured him that his signing them would in no way prejudice LAMIRANDE. Whether from this interview getting wind in some way, or merely from general suspicions of the people with whom he had to deal, the prisoner's counsel went to Mr. Justice DRUMMOND on Friday night, and induced him to accompany him to the railway station. There they found the High Constable, Mr. BISSETTE, in company with the French policeman; and, upon the former being warned by the Judge of the fears entertained by LAMIRANDE's friends, the two immediately disappeared. Upon this the Judge went at once to the gaol, but found that the prisoner had been removed before his arrival. Mr. SCHILTHORN, LAMIRANDE's attorney, resolved to see the matter out, and immediately started for Quebec by a train which should have left Montreal at ten o'clock, but which happened, by a singular coincidence, to be only just leaving at twelve. It is unfortunate that the Judge did not again accompany him to the railway, for by this very train LAMIRANDE was a passenger. At one of the intermediate stations the attorney looked into a car, and there saw his client in the custody of the French officer and of the High Constable. Upon leaving the train, Mr. SCHILTHORN reminded Mr. BISSETTE of the warning given him by the Judge, but could get no further answer from the official than an impudent assurance that "when he had the Governor's warrant he laughed at Judges' orders." We rather wonder that no means could be devised of preventing LAMIRANDE's embarkation at Quebec, but the attempt was either not made or was unsuccessful, and he was carried off in custody to Europe.

We have given the facts at full length, even at the risk of telling our readers what they already know, because it is necessary to bear them all in mind in order to understand the real importance of the questions raised by them. There are three parties about whose course under the circumstances there can, as we conceive, be no doubt. An agent of the French Government has been guilty of a flagrant violation of English law, and of an outrageous insult both to an English Court of Justice and to the QUEEN's representative. Even if there were no radical illegality attaching to M. LAMIRANDE's extradition, the manner in which his surrender was obtained would be offensive in the highest degree, and the dismissal of M. EDMÉ JUSTIN MELIN, "Inspecteur Principal de Police de Paris," is probably the first act of reparation which Lord STANLEY will see fit to demand. The absolute illegality of the surrender itself calls for another step. We have certainly no wish to enrol M. LAMIRANDE in the list of our Canadian fellow-subjects, and it may fairly be regretted that the offence of making fraudulent entries in bank-books is not one of those provided for by our Extradition Treaty with France. But our laws must be administered as they are; and we cannot surrender a fugitive for a crime not contemplated by the Act, merely because we may think that the Act is capable of amendment. LAMIRANDE has been kidnapped in a British colony, in a fashion which combines the seemingly inconsistent vices of force and fraud; and though we regret being compelled to interest ourselves on behalf of a very commonplace swindler, the English Government has no alternative but to claim his restoration. If such an act as that of M. MELIN is not at once disavowed, both as to its method and its consequences, by the authorities whose servant he is, there is no security whatever that the same process may not be put in force in the case of a political refugee. Happily, however, the French Government can have no special concern in the matter. The police officer was, for the

time, in the employment of the Bank of France; and the only interests that are at all involved in the capture of the defaulting cashier are those of the private prosecutor.

It will rest with the Court of Queen's Bench in Lower Canada to take the requisite steps to vindicate its own dignity, and to put an effectual stop to the practice of laughing at Judges' orders. If it cannot adequately punish Mr. BISSETTE and his accomplices for the unparalleled contempt of Court of which they have been guilty, it will be matter for grave consideration whether the liberties of British subjects are any longer safe in its charge. Mr. Justice DRUMMOND, indeed, seems to have acted with commendable zeal as soon as he had any notice of LAMIRANDE's danger; but, in the absence of fuller information, we are at a loss to account for the adjournment of the Court for so long a time as a month. It is at least clear that the High Constable has wilfully defied the authority of the highest Court in the colony, and that, too, after a specific caution from one of the Judges; and his immediate arrest would not have been a severer measure than was demanded by the character of his offence. Upon Lord MONCK will devolve the more embarrassing duty of investigating to what extent the Colonial law-officers were privy to this extraordinary conspiracy. We have seen that grave suspicion attaches to the Solicitor-General, and to the legal partners of the Attorney-General. It is absolutely necessary for Lord MONCK's own honour that he should institute the most stringent inquiry into the particulars of the nefarious imposition which must have been practised on him, and visit the authors of it with immediate dismissal from office, and with every possible mark of disgrace. When the act itself has been undone, and the persons concerned in it punished, it will be time enough to consider what fresh lessons are to be learnt from the whole transaction as to the principles of an Extradition Treaty.

CORRUPTION AND ITS REMEDIES.

OMNIA jam vulgata. All the incidents of electoral corruption are now familiar as household words in every parish of England. Every permutation and combination of venality is notorious, not only in this country, but in every other country of Europe. Foreigners are as well acquainted as we are with the Mums, the Men-in-the-Moon, the Illustrious Strangers, the tailors and the coopers that resent the insult of a bribe of 10*l.*, but pocket the affront when it takes the shape of 20*l.* or 40*l.* As a theme whereon to hang moral Jeremiads or national comparisons our Parliamentary corruption has done its mission. We know by heart all that can be said about the wickedness of 10*l.* householders who seize the opportunity of an election to pay their debts, get their tools out of pawn, and begin the world again. We know too, well enough, the self-complacent superiority with which foreign journalists congratulate their countrymen that they are not as we poor creatures are, who wallow in the slough of Parliamentary iniquity. But few of us distinctly see the bearings of all this upon the future constitution of Parliament and the future government of the country. Are the people who persist in regarding the franchise as a pecuniary capital to retain their present privilege? If they are not, who are to supersede them, and will these men be purer than their predecessors? It is useless to beat about the bush. It is beyond contradiction that multitudes of the poorer voters throughout England regard their votes as a negotiable article. It is idle to speculate on what is the cause of this. The fact itself is older than the days of HOGARTH or FIELDING. Neither remonstrance nor ridicule has any effect in destroying the conviction. People of wealth and consideration are ambitious of entering into Parliament. Whatever rich people desire must be worth paying for; whatever is worth paying for it is worth while to ask payment for. Thus argue the freemen, and men of the same passions and the same wants as the freemen. How is this to be changed? Is it to be changed at all?

Glib theorists have their prescription ready in the shape of ballot and extended electoral areas. No one who did not know the martyrlike devotion which men, and especially classes of men, feel for a name, would believe that adhesion to the ballot could survive the revelations of Totnes, Reigate, Lancaster, and Great Yarmouth. If any evidence could have proved that men will forswear themselves about the votes they are to give, and then perjure themselves about the votes which they have given, it would be the disclosures made before the four Royal Commissions. They have revealed a power of lying from which it would be just as impossible for the ballot to detract anything as it would be impossible to add to it. Every form of deceit and self-deceit—every pretext for haggling, and every species of haggling without pretext at all

—is just as well known now as it would be if the ballot were in vogue. It is impossible to imagine that any scheme of concealment could produce more false promises and false assertions than every general election now witnesses; and it is hardly consistent with a knowledge of human nature to suppose that it would produce less. The same men who sell their votes to one candidate and then take money from another would play the same game, with the same success and greater security, under the shelter of the ballot. The same men who take money from both sides, and then have the audacity to haggle for a third bargain with one of them, would have greater facilities with secret than with open voting. The only difference would be that the lying and perjury which now are confined to the more shameless and intrepid would be exhibited in an equal degree by the timid, the nervous, and the respectable. Nor is it likely that, while the opportunities of temptation were multiplied, the arts or the resources of the tempter would be diminished. It may be admitted that no "illegal agent" could, under the dynasty of the ballot, count with confidence on the good faith of any one voter whom he had corrupted. He would know that every one who had taken his money might vote against him, and afterwards swear that he had voted for him. Still this would not dishearten or disarm the agent. He would trust to a system of averages. He would calculate that, out of a bribeable "lot" of 400 or 500 ten-pounders, sixty per cent. at least would stick to their promises, while the same ratio of corrupt dishonesty would tell equally against the competing candidate. As for a common resolution of both parties to abstain from bribery, such a thing is almost impossible; and, if possible, would be fruitless. If two candidates ever agreed not to pay money, the electors would soon avenge themselves on such niggardly scrupulosity. A candidate would soon be found ready to evince his sympathies with the people by scattering his money amongst the people. The virtue of purer candidates might be admired, but it would not be encouraged. The popular expectation would ill like to be balked of the periodical largess. And there would be no insuperable reasons for baulking it. So long as capitalists of every kind are desirous of getting into Parliament, so long will they find men willing to bring them in. So far from offering any impediment to the consummation, it seems to us that the ballot would only facilitate it. Money would be freely expended, but no one could prove that any vote had been paid for, and every voter would swear on his Bible that he had not given his vote for lucre.

The other remedy—the extension of electoral areas—appears scarcely more effectual. It is impossible, some say, to bribe a constituency of ten thousand voters. How do people know this? What proof have they of it? Does it ever occur to them that some men will give almost any sum to secure their hobby, and that there are many exceedingly rich men to whose cup of felicity the affix of M.P. alone is wanting? Suppose a man to have amassed 400,000*l.* by colonial lands, or mines, or stores, or by railway contracts, or by lucky speculations in sugar or tea—and no inconsiderable number have amassed as much—and suppose that he has set his mind on going into Parliament, he will not hesitate to spend even 100,000*l.* for once in his life. Now 100,000*l.* gives 10*l.* a-head to every elector all round, or 30*l.* a head to the most corrupt portion of them, taking a general average. But, when the constituencies are indefinitely extended, the system of bribery is changed. In American elections large sums of money are spent, but not in bribing the masses of voters. The money goes, not to the body of electors, but to the clever politicians who organize the contending parties, bring them up to the ballot-box, see that they shout and vote for the right men. So it probably would be in England if constituencies were enlarged to metropolitan dimensions. The clever fellows—the trading politicians, the spouters of the district club and the suburban institute—would get the money for making their duller followers vote. The unfortunate candidates would pay as much as ever. The only difference would be that the payments would be made to a class of men whose professional employment had become a matter of course, and was felt to be a general nuisance.

The prospect is not encouraging. Suppose the constituencies to be increased, who and what will be the new wielders of the suffrage? According to every plan hitherto proposed, they will be for the most part members of a class less well-to-do, and therefore more susceptible of corruption, than that which now enjoys the franchise. We have no particular reason for supposing that they care particularly for any of the graver political questions of the day more than the present voters care; and, by their own admission, we know that vast numbers of these "do not care a farthing for politics." What will

they care for, then? Simply for the proceeds of their votes—for the 10*l.* or 20*l.* which they hope to get from the candidates. Assuming, however, that when the areas have been extended for some time the bribes will be paid, not to them, but to the men by whom they are led, organized, and manoeuvred, it becomes a question of some importance to consider how the influence of these leaders will be preserved. If they are to marshal their followers in support of rival candidates, it must be by some power obtained over their sympathies or their passions, or by some authority like that known to the members of Trades' Unions. The leaders of Trades' Unions keep up the energy and the subscriptions of their followers by the perpetual agitation of questions which are supposed vitally to affect the interests of their followers. Strikes and lock-outs and social excommunications are the topics and the agencies on which their eloquence and their practical efforts are expended. When their followers are invested with political power, the questions which engage their sympathies will naturally be questions about rates of wages, and division of property, and the burdens of property. The men who severally pay almost nothing to the State revenues will have infinite power in apportioning the contributions of those who pay almost all. It will be by instigating or directing the clamours of these men that the future leaders of the masses will acquire their purchaseable influence. In other words, the manipulators of the future electors will have to stimulate the zeal of their followers by continual appeals to their political passions, and by exercising over them the dreaded powers of a secret and irresponsible despotism. In that happy time, every candidate for Parliament will recognise the necessity of conciliating the support of the constituency whose favour he courts by dispensing his smiles and his bank-notes among self-constituted tribunes who alternately menace and cajole the holders of the suffrage. It will then be the proud privilege of the member for a populous borough to reflect that he represents men who have been taught by his own most influential partisans that he is in favour of the wildest schemes that ever charlatan devised or idiot desired. And if, in the course of his Parliamentary career, he is startled at some indignant imputation of treachery because he has not voted for the division of landed property, or a fixed minimum of wages, or the canonization of Mr. SPURGEON, or something equally grotesque, his surprise will hardly be mitigated when he learns that his absolute devotion to the wildest theories has been vouched by the clever middlemen whom he bribed to seduce the electors, but who kept the money in their own pockets, while all that they gave the poorer voters was the scraps and refuse of an ultra-Radical bill of fare. To expect that such a state of things will work its own cure is to expect that ignorance, misguided by corruption, will be content to forego the abuse of power, or to learn the proper use of it. Yet, with the certainty of what must happen staring them in the face, Government and Parliament will too probably hand over the borough suffrage to that class which is the most needy, and only not the most corrupt because the wages of corruption will be intercepted in their passage by the clever and unscrupulous workers of Trades' and Political Unions.

MEXICO.

THE expedition to Mexico, like Beau BRUMMEL's rumpled cravats, threatens to turn out one of the EMPEROR's "failures." With all his genius for politics, NAPOLEON III. has, since 1860, been three times guilty of blundering. It is true that he has recovered himself in each case with wonderful agility, and has shown that rare kind of self-control which consists in abandoning the most favourite plan as soon as it proves untenable; but, in spite of this, the original blunders will remain immortalized in his biography. The Imperial theory about Italy which he advanced after the conclusion of the campaign in Lombardy was the first mistake. Frenchmen might be excused for underrating the popular movement in favour of the unity of Italy, for all the world, the Italians not excluded, underrated it too; but the floating scepticism about Italy which was prevalent in 1859 and 1860, in polished Parisian circles and in Roman Catholic coteries, ought never to have found its way inside the French Foreign Office. The half tentative attitude assumed by NAPOLEON III. towards his own creation damped the gratitude which the Italian people would otherwise have felt towards the liberator of Milan, and prevented an *entente cordiale* which, with a little more care, he might have secured for the space at least of his own lifetime. But for the EMPEROR's patronizing airs, and the fear entertained at Florence that he would insist on forcing his own political theories down the throat of Italy, there need never have been an alliance between

Italy and Prussia, nor a battle of Sadowa, and probably there would have been only a bloodless and amicable conquest of Venetia. Another and a similar mistake committed by the French Foreign Office has just been expiated by the retirement of M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS. NAPOLEON III. could not refrain from displaying the same momentary jealousy of German that he had done of Italian unity. Having himself set the ball rolling, he was unwise enough, when all was virtually over, to seem sorry that the ball had rolled so far. Half-measures are the ruin of State policies. Both in the case of Germany and of Italy NAPOLEON III. began by seeming to be generous and sympathetic, and ended by exhibiting distrust. It will take a little time to repair the Prussian and Italian confidence in French good faith which the EMPEROR or his advisers, obeying a sort of old-world political impulse, have incautiously destroyed.

About America NAPOLEON III. has fallen into the same kind of pitfall, though he has scrambled out again in a way that does credit to his ingenuity and his good sense. He was led into it in a will-of-the-wisp chase after that most mythical of conceptions, the Latin race. By this time the Latin race is the *bête noire* of the steady veterans of the French Foreign Office; and when their august master prepares to mount his hobby-horse, all the old stagers, who never heard of the Latin race till within the last ten years, begin to shake their heads. The truth is that NAPOLEON III. would never have ventured on the rash enterprise of founding a Mexican Empire, in the teeth of the MONROE doctrine and under the guns of the United States, if he had not disbelieved in American unity, and speculated on the disruption of the Stars and Stripes. This was a blunder, and a very serious blunder, because it showed an ignorance of the internal strength and vigour of the people of the North. The EMPEROR shared it in common with several other acute thinkers; but there was this difference between the two cases, that private gentlemen and ladies can afford to make mistakes, which Emperors cannot. Half-measures were thus once more the bane of French policy. The immediate corollary of the Mexican Expedition was naturally the recognition of the Southern Confederacy; but if NAPOLEON III. was not imprudent enough to be decoyed into such a hazardous proceeding, he ought not to have committed himself to a contemporary move which was sure to be checkmated unless Southern independence were assured. The shock of the downfall of Richmond was felt, accordingly, up to the very palace of MAXIMILIAN. From the moment that the North had crushed the South, the retreat of the French from Mexico became a mere question of time; and the French EMPEROR, who has lowered his spear successively to CAVOUR and Count BISMARCK, is compelled, last of all, to lower it to the noisy Mr. SEWARD too. If the story has a moral, as all such stories ought to have, its moral for the French EMPEROR should be that it is difficult for statesmen to fathom great popular movements, or to know where they will stop. Italy, Germany, and America have all discomfited NAPOLEON III., simply because all three nations were greater in their resources, and more capable of protracted enthusiasm for an idea, than he thought.

Before long the brief reign of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN will probably terminate, and Mexico will be handed over again to civil war, brigandage, and insecurity. The Emperor of Mexico deserves a better fortune than that which has befallen him. No doubt he has been guilty of mistakes. But, where he has gone wrong, his worst enemies will admit that he has gone wrong from errors of judgment, and not from any apathy or indifference as to the importance of his mission. From the first, the Mexican Empire has had to contend with serious difficulties. It grew up under the cold shade of French patronage, and a dynasty must be robust indeed which can bear up for long against the friendly protection of a foreign Government. Just as French patronage has scotched one or two public men in Italy, it has killed the Emperor MAXIMILIAN on the other side of the Atlantic. He might have outlived JUAREZ and the Republican agitation, and have got on without much money, many honest people, or decent country roads; but the popular idea that he was a mere dummy in the hands of France was fatal to his success from the beginning. It was scarcely perhaps to be expected that he would suddenly reduce into anything like order the finances of a misgoverned and insolvent people. He has not had time to develop the real resources of Mexico, to make railways, or to improve the means of communication, and to accustom the inhabitants to a *régime* of humanity and good administration. Rome was not built, neither can Mexico be reformed, in a day. But for the French troops, the present Executive would long since have been swept away in some irregular and objectless rising, and

been gathered to the innumerable Mexican Governments that have been overtaken by obscurity and oblivion. The full time has come for another revolution of the wheel—for the Cabinet Ministers and the military generals to become rebels and bandits, and for the present bandits to have a turn at official life. But for the interest taken in Mexico by France, all this would have happened long ago, and JUAREZ would have been by this time recalled, installed, and perhaps sent again into banishment and poverty. The real misfortune is that MAXIMILIAN, the first of his dynasty in Mexico and the last, will leave behind him a heavily mortgaged country, bound to defray out of an exhausted exchequer the expenses of a ruinous and useless French intervention. That the French will do their best to recoup themselves is tolerably certain. The EMPEROR is hard hit by the Mexican expenses, and the French Chambers know it. The further mortgage of the Imperial customs at Tampico and Vera Cruz may be taken to be the last will and testament of the expiring Administration. Unless the United States, contrary to their habit, determine unnecessarily to interfere, Mexico will have gained little by the French stay. All that it will take by the invasion will be the influx of some hundreds of needy and adventurous settlers, and a considerable debt representing gunpowder blown away upon robbers, and palaces and public offices for which there is no immediate use. There has not yet been time to carry out in peace the few public works which would have been of material importance to a country of great natural wealth. It remains to be seen whether, under any succeeding system, capital and human life can be embarked safely in Mexican enterprises; but, if the Republicans who are anxious to dispossess their Imperialist rival are well advised, they will endeavour by every legitimate means to tempt industry and commerce to return to a region from which they have been so frequently and gratuitously expelled by ridiculous civil wars. The moral support afforded by the United States Government to the friends of the exiled JUAREZ may be equally accounted for on the hypothesis that it was dictated by a far-seeing national ambition, or by a desire to carry some majority here or there at an election. The opportunities for investing capital on American soil are so numerous that American energy is scarcely tempted by the sight of a rich mine of resources at a little distance from their own frontier; but if Mexico is not to be a French colony, there is no reason why it should not some day become an American one.

THE NEW ORDER OF MERIT.

THE French EMPEROR has often surprised the world. He has just come out in a new character. *Cedunt arma togæ* once more. Having long tried to make himself the supreme arbiter of European war, and having recently failed before the superior genius or craft of BISMARCK, he now reappears in his original part as the highest authority in the arts of peace. The Empire being peace, it is only right that the EMPEROR should be the final authority and sovereign judge in all that concerns the cultivation of peace. The Imperial Commission of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 has circulated what advertisements call a striking novelty. In the words of our old and irrepressible friend COLE C.B., who, politest of men, sends the announcement to us "with his compliments," it is "a distinct order of reward of a novel character." Very novel indeed. It is a competition "of the persons, establishments, or localities which by a special organization or special institutions have developed a spirit of harmony among all those co-operating in the same work, and have provided for the material, moral, and intellectual well-being of the workmen." ANACHARSIS CLOUTZ styled himself the orator of the human race. Here we find nothing less than all mankind, in all its social systems, summoned before the throne of eternal beneficence set in Paris, to give an account of their several good works done in the flesh. "A novel character"—but this is small praise to bestow on the "distinct order of reward." To us it seems very like an anticipation of the Day of Judgment itself. The rewards, however, are of a practical and very mundane character; ten prizes of four hundred pounds each to the best persons, establishments, or localities in the world, and a hypothetical crown of glory—we mean a substantial 4,000l.—which "may be awarded to the person, establishment, or locality distinguished under this head by a very exceptional superiority." All nations and languages are invited to compete for these great rewards, and the jurors are to be as accumenical as the competition. They are to be twenty-five in number, and of these assessors of humanity nine are to be Frenchmen, while three are to represent England. The remaining thirteen "jurymen for the new Order of Reward" are as-

signed to the lesser lights of the hierarchy of nations, descending to Commissioners from "the various African States and Oceania." As all the details of such a project are valuable, and as every human being may be expected to go in for these sumptuous rewards, it may be added for general information that "to the Councillor of State, General Commissioner, M. F. LE PLAT, claims "are to be sent by the 1st of December"; or, as it is more formally announced, "applications and documents describing "and pointing out for the new Order of Reward a person, an "establishment, or a locality." On that day of doom the members of the high international assize will take their seats, and in a second and last session, from 15th April to 14th May, the jury will come to a final decision; and the prizes will be distributed on the 1st of July, 1867, of course by the sacred hand of Imperial Majesty itself.

If it should be said that all this sonorous nonsense only means that it is intended to get up a Report on some of the Co-operative and Communistic attempts which survive in Europe—New Harmonies or Phalansteries, dead fragments of OWEN and FOURIER, or St. Simonian Colleges or Co-operative societies—we must at once express our inability to concur in this commonplace view of the new Order of Reward. It must mean a much larger competition in social virtue than this. It is not only that special "institutions" are to come in, but "persons"; not only "establishments," but "localities." If this does not cover man in his individual and single personality as well as in his social organization—man as the Family, man as the State, man as the Trade Brotherhood or Guild, man as an Odd Fellow, a member of the Reform League or the Athenæum Club, man in a spiritualistic circle, as well as man in the German Bund or in a select Fiji Club for the enjoyment of cannibalism—there is no such thing as the social and political organization of the world. We cannot think that the Imperial Commissioner, M. F. LE PLAT, means less than what his rich and noble invitation promises. Meanwhile it may be profitable and interesting to speculate on the possibly or probably successful candidates. Twenty honourable mentions—ten prizes of 400*l.* each, and a grand prix of 4,000*l.*—this is what we are all going in for. The benefactors of mankind, the true Euergetæ, the friends of humanity, are not to be put off with a sovereign and a pair of plush breeches, but are to pocket substantial gold all marked with the image and superscription of CÆSAR, and at CÆSAR's hands. Yet this suggests a latent suspicion that, after all, the competition will turn out to be illusory. The Grand Prix has a significant look. The First NAPOLEON took his Imperial Crown from the HOLY FATHER, and placed it on his brows with his own hands. Perhaps this is what the Third NAPOLEON intends to do. The Grand Prix will not, we suspect, leave Paris. With an Imperial Commissioner and nine French jurors, the chances are against any foreign person, establishment, or locality. And when it comes to the very "exceptional superiority," not only of any public body, but of anybody who by "special organization or "special institutions has developed a spirit of harmony among "all those co-operating in the same work, and has provided "for the material, moral, and intellectual well-being of the "workmen," who can for an instant compare with the EMPEROR himself? It is a delight to mouth and mumble over these noble sentiments; a really Napoleonic idea is so toothsome and succulent that one must reproduce it again and again—not only chew it, but chew the cud of it. We say, then, that it is quite plain how the award of the Grand Prix must go. Is not the French Empire a special organization and special institution? Has it not developed a spirit of harmony? Has not its author and creator, in pronouncing it to be very good, saluted it as Peace itself? Has he not developed, too, a spirit of harmony among all those co-operating in the same work?—that is, among Chambers, Cabinets, Prefects, Sub-prefects, Academies, and, in a word, the whole people by whose suffrages elected he was and is the exponent, and symbol, and representative, and impersonation, not only of harmony, but order itself? Who like NAPOLEON the Greatest has provided for the material, moral, and intellectual well-being of the workmen? France contented, rich, powerful; France without even a bluebottle in the butchers' shops; France with all the inconveniences of liberty, open speech, free thought, and a free press carefully guarded against; France with its *avertissement* and its *coup d'état*, and its Cayenne, and its very free trade in all literature that can debase and emasculate the mind—does it not represent a people at the very acme of material, moral, and intellectual well-being? It is needless to say to whom the merit of all this is due; it were impertinent to doubt who of all the sons of men, if he is a son of

man, merits the highest prize. Only to name the Saviour of Society is to settle the Grand Prix.

In England, after having cheerfully resigned any claims to the first place in the sweepstakes of humanity, we must content ourselves with speculating on those who may perhaps stand a chance for the inferior crowns. Much meditating on the various excellences of the many persons, establishments, and localities which make this our England blossom with harmony, beneficence, and all material, moral, and intellectual blessings, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. JOHN BRIGHT will get at least one of the 400*l.* prizes. He certainly has developed a spirit of harmony among all those co-operating in the same work; and moreover he has done so much to unite class with class, and has so indefatigably addressed his talents and eloquence to the noble duty of making us all feel like brother to brother, and by the special organization of mass meetings has contributed so successfully to general love, peace, and order, that we cannot, when we look out for rewards of philanthropists personally, find so eligible a candidate as this distinguished patriot. When it comes to "establishments" and institutions, we have some difficulty in naming a winner, since here we approach the realm of shadows. Corporations, having no conscience, can scarcely be believed to have such a personality as to be capable of praise or blame, or, therefore, of reward or punishment. God's moral empire is carried on by His personal relations; but if the Imperial Commissioners are disposed to treat institutions and establishments as possessed of a conscience, and therefore of a moral being, we should say, not that the Rochdale Co-operative Store, or Mr. MAURICE'S Working Men's College, or a London Club—all of which have been named as probable starters for the 400*l.* prizes—will succeed, but that we must turn our eyes elsewhere for the highest types of English corporate successes. Yet, in the multitude of existing moral triumphs, we are embarrassed by the exuberance of our national fecundity. Mr. COLE's letter and compliments, at the first blush of it, suggested himself and his South Kensington colleagues. Their Mumbo Jumbo was a great contribution to our intellectual wealth; and their consistent efforts to get all our art, science, and literature focussed into one harmonious whole, and embodied in that stupendous Central Hall, establishes a claim not lightly to be set aside. Anyhow we may expect a good field before the entries are closed on the 1st December. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, for instance, or OVEREND and GURNEY's finance-shop, are very promising instances of almost exceptional superiority among our "institutions" or corporations. So is an ordinary Board of Guardians, which, as at Bethnal Green, has done so much for the material, moral, and intellectual state of the *ouvrier* class. The Common Council of the City of London, Sir JOHN THWAITES'S Parliament, the Board of Admiralty, the borough of Great Yarmouth, the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper, the committee which distributes muffins and advice to soiled doves, the Ancient Order of Coggers, the British College of Health, and the proprietors of Holloway's Pills, are truly British institutions, and are at least likely either to "send in claims, or to forward applications and documents "pointing out their claims for the new Order of Reward." Each has substantial merits as a benefactor to society. All that we hope is that the modest merit which blushes at its own praise will not be disregarded, and that the international jury will find it not beyond their sphere to seek out the hidden salt of the earth, even among those who do not send in testimonials and applications to Paris, as well as to decide among the savoury specimens which are not above avowing a proper sense of their own virtues.

We have one little difficulty. Suppose that an establishment or a locality gets a prize—let us say the Cave of Adullam, the borough of Totnes, or the Pancras Vestry, or the Sons of Harmony who meet at the Pig and Whistle every Monday—the prize being a substantial 400*l.*, who is to pocket it? Is it to be shared according to the War Office order relating to prize-money? Or again, to put a possible case. Regent Street, at the high noon of hetairism, presents a "locality" offering special claims as a striking example of English morality. How is it to divide, as it is likely to get, its pecuniary reward? for an "honourable mention" is a testimony all too poor for its exceptional character. To give a prize to a locality *bene merenti de republica*, savours a little of the vague and visionary; for Dahomey with its customs, Mormonism with its conjugal doctrines, New Guinea with its special institutions of baby-eating, polygamy in the East, and polyandry as practised in the *demi-monde* of Paris—all such are special institutions and localities as, in their own estimate, must be among the best examples of social

well-being, and are likely to compete. But we must remember that we are dealing with a Napoleonic idea; and ideas are apt to be impalpable, not to say nonsensical.

SINCERITY IN LITERATURE.

AN essay on "Immorality in Authorship," by Mr. Robert Buchanan, in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, would be worth examining if only for its quaint illustration of that passion for symmetry which exercises such resistless influence over certain minds. There are people whose appreciation of a truth seems to depend upon its capability of being neatly rounded off and closely packed in a convenient formula. To subject it to any conditions or limitations is, in their estimation, to spoil its portability and shape. It must be, like Aristotle's wise man, a "blameless cube," smooth and polished on all sides, offering no irregular angularities awkward for the pocket or unpleasant to the eye. And as, unluckily for these passionate lovers of symmetry, truth is not always thus conveniently compressible, they are occasionally driven to treat it after a somewhat tyrannical Procrustean fashion, and get rid of angularities by a rough-and-ready process of rubbing them off. How far the truth is improved by the process depends upon what standard of perfection you take. From one point of view, no doubt, a few touches of the scissors would vastly improve a daddy-longlegs; from being straggling and incompressible it would become at once neat and rotund. Not that these followers of Procrustes are, like him, conscious of their tyranny. They would probably say that they are not clipping truth but condensing it—reducing it to its very marrow and essence until it attains that simplicity which has been declared to be the soul of philosophy, and which makes it as easily and universally applicable as a patent pill, or the skillfully-prepared beef-lozenge which enables the traveller to carry an ox in his waistcoat pocket.

All who admire dexterous manipulation of this kind will be charmed with the essay of Mr. Buchanan; and even those who are not gifted with his "philosophical hankering after unity," and who consider symmetry on the whole less important than accuracy, will owe him gratitude for the courage and clearness with which he has put forward a theory of criticism that peculiarly needs to be impressed upon this generation. The theory, if not altogether new, is at any rate so out of keeping with current traditions that it has for the present age all the value of novelty; and it is moreover so calculated to startle and scandalize many worthy people, even in its mildest form, that Mr. Buchanan deserves great credit for the intrepidity with which he has carried it out to what he considers its legitimate lengths. In its milder and, as we consider, its only tenable form, the theory briefly is that "sincerity" is the true test of literary morality; that, however sound and salutary in itself may be the view which an author undertakes to enforce, his book, so far from possessing in virtue of this fact any claim to be considered moral, is not only not moral, but is positively immoral, if his treatment is "insincere." If there are any to whom Mr. Buchanan's doctrine thus nakedly put looks somewhat like a truism, let them reflect upon the multitude of books which in these days are unhesitatingly classed under the head of "moral," but which this doctrine at once condemns; and whether they agree with it or not, they will at least appreciate the importance and novelty of the conclusions to which it leads. There is scarcely one of the so-called religious novels of the present day which it does not condemn, since, in nearly all, the author, instead of taking facts as he finds them, deliberately shapes them to suit a preconceived end. He starts with the intention of inculcating some particular creed, and he naturally makes this creed the touchstone by which to choose, reject, or modify the facts which come in his way. We instance the religious novel, partly because its author is under peculiar temptations to be thus "insincere," and partly because it brings out into strongest relief the contrast between Mr. Buchanan's standard of literary morality and the conventional standard of the day. There are few pious people who would not readily pardon an author for deliberately taking an exaggerated or distorted view of life—for being, that is, guilty of "insincerity"—provided this view subserved a religious end. Most of our readers must have somewhere met a very popular and would-be pious little tract about a good naval lieutenant, who, when his wife is frightened at a storm, recalls her to a sense of her impious distrust in Providence by suddenly dragging her on deck and brandishing a naked sword at her breast. She displays no alarm at this melodramatic proceeding, and explains her fearlessness by saying that she knows her husband loves her far too well to hurt her; whereupon the good lieutenant lowers the sword, and asks if her husband's love for her is equal to that of God. Nothing could well be more untrue to life, and therefore more insincere—especially as it is usually related as a "fact"—than this good little story; and yet many worthy people have been greatly edified by it, and have never for a moment thought of questioning, far less condemning, its glaring neglect of conformity to truth, simply because they heartily approve of the doctrine it was invented to enforce. We admit that we have taken a case exceptional in its extreme absurdity, but the vicious and "immoral" treatment which it serves to illustrate pervades in greater or less degree the whole class of religious novels. Even in such novels as the best of Miss Yonge's—novels in many respects so admirable—it is impossible not to feel that the author's treatment is, from Mr. Buchanan's point of view, too fre-

quently insincere. The actual aspects of real life are painfully discoloured, in order to bring out in the strongest light some pet moral. The welfare of nations is made to depend mainly on the due observance of, let us say, the fifth commandment, and a young lady who conceals a love affair from her parents is held up to as much abhorrence, and visited with as much misery, as if she were a parricide. It thunders whenever a Jew eats pork, and raging lions devour the naughty boy who tears his little sister's pinafore. The intention of these so-called moral writers may be thoroughly honest and good; the theory they wish to convey may be in the highest degree salutary; but nevertheless they are guilty of immorality whenever, in works the proper and professed object of which is to represent life, they represent life, not as it is, but as they think it ought to be, and as they would like it to be.

But though the religious novel supplies perhaps the most frequent and most conspicuous violation of Mr. Buchanan's theory, offenders are to be found in all professions and ranks. "A shower of immoral books pours out yearly; many of them are read by religious societies, and praised by bishops, and by far the larger number of them find favour with Mr. Mudie." "The immorality I complain of in modern books is their untruth in matters affecting private conduct, their false estimates of character, the false impressions they convey concerning modern life in general, and especially with regard to the relations between the sexes." The illustration which Mr. Buchanan gives of this "immorality" is at once humorous and apt. He cites the rage for ugly heroes and heroines which the popularity of *Jane Eyre* introduced. To make your hero systematically ugly merely because preceding novelists have systematically made him handsome, is not only untrue to nature, but it further substitutes, deliberately and immorally, for life itself a purely conventional mode of viewing life. Charlotte Brontë set the example in precisely the same spirit as that which prompts a sectarian writer to improve upon whatever in life seems dangerous, and give undue prominence to whatever seems safe and good to be taught. She thought it "wicked" to make the heroes and heroines of a novel necessarily handsome, and thus originated the still more indefensible theory that they ought to be ugly—a theory which no less violates probability, and further, as Mr. Buchanan points out, implicitly "lies against a natural truth that mere beauty is finer than mere ugliness, that nobility of nature with beauty of form and feature is finer than nobility of nature without such beauty." Charlotte Brontë's intention was harmless enough, but, inasmuch as she was consciously untrue to nature, it does not matter, so far as the charge of insincerity is concerned, whether her intention was good or bad. Insincerity is, under all circumstances, in itself sufficient proof of literary immorality.

So far we are heartily agreed with Mr. Buchanan, and we welcome this unfamiliar and elevated standard of literary morality as an immense improvement upon the standard by which books are nowadays usually classified into moral or immoral. But when, not content with showing that nothing is moral that is insincere, Mr. Buchanan argues that nothing is immoral that is sincere, we must confess that we find ourselves utterly at a loss even to comprehend him. No doubt this symmetrical antithesis rounds off his theory to a perfection of polish and neatness, making sincerity as easy and applicable a test in all cases of literary immorality as a patent pill in all cases of disease. But these advantages seem to us to be purchased rather dearly. We should be very sorry to do Mr. Buchanan any injustice, and we therefore honestly confess that, if he has wrought out in his own mind a clear and consistent conception of what he means when he maintains that sincerity protects a book from being immoral, from exercising an injurious effect upon the moral mind, we have completely failed to grasp it. Nearly all his illustrations only serve to bewilder us, and to make us suspect that he uses the word "sincerity" in a sense which involves him, not merely in the strangest confusion of thought, but even in downright self-contradiction. He places Petronius Arbiter and Juvenal, for instance, side by side—apparently because they were both satirists—and declares that they have not an immoral effect upon the moral mind, because they were both sincere; as if there were any sort of comparison, on moral grounds, between the sincerity of a writer who enjoys and shares the immorality which he satirizes, and the sincerity of a writer who stands aloof from and abhors it. The former is the sincerity, if Mr. Buchanan likes so to term it, of the artist who, in conscientious devotion to his art, produces a picture in harmony with truth; and, even where the subject treated is impure, the treatment may be so artistic as to awaken, in the highly cultivated mind, a sense of beauty that puts all impure associations to flight. A scholar may possibly derive so much pure intellectual pleasure from the grace and sparkle of Petronius as to lose sight altogether of his indecency. This is, in fact, the only meaning we can, despite our utmost efforts, extract from all that Mr. Buchanan says about sincere writing producing no immoral effect upon the moral mind. But, in the first place, it seems to us a strange abuse of language, amounting almost to cant, to attribute this effect upon the mind to the artist's sincerity, which, so far from being its essential cause, may exist in full force without producing it. An artist may be thoroughly sincere, and yet may fail from sheer want of power, from an infirmity that is strictly intellectual, not moral, to produce a picture perfect enough to awaken that sense of beauty which purifies an immoral subject. Mr. Buchanan, with curious inconsistency, concedes this point, and thus implicitly contradicts himself, when he says that "a well-meaning and conscientious

man will not unfrequently disseminate immoral ideas through deficiency of insight." If there is any sense in words, a well-meaning and conscientious man is surely sincere; and hence sincerity, by Mr. Buchanan's own showing, is no safeguard against immorality. In the second place, what conceivable connection is there between this so-called sincerity of the writer who works in the region of art, and the genuine sincerity of him who works in the region of morals? It is an odd confusion of thought to suppose that Juvenal is not immoral because he is sincere in the sense in which an artist, who succeeds in producing a picture faithful to nature, is styled by Mr. Buchanan sincere. Juvenal is moral as a satirist, not as an artist. He must be judged not by what he does, but by what he intends, and his intention might have been equally good though his picture of Roman life had been ever so inartistic and poor. Mr. Buchanan is guilty of a still graver confusion of thought when he declares that, if a man advocates the legalization of prostitution, his work produces no immoral effect on the mind unless he is insincere. We are here in the domain, not of imagination, but of reason. Mr. Buchanan can scarcely mean that even the magical virtue of sincerity can enable a man so to conduct an argument about prostitution as to make it a work of art, awakening ideas of beauty that ennoble and refine the subject which it treats. If it does accomplish this object, then it misses its legitimate object—namely, that of appealing to the reason, not the imagination. If it does not accomplish this object, then there is no more similarity between the sincerity which, according to Mr. Buchanan, saves Petronius Arbitrator, La Fontaine, and George Sand from being immoral, and the sincerity of the honest advocate of legalized prostitution, than there is between the sincerity of Petronius and that of Juvenal. In the domain of imagination, sincerity—although it is not, as Mr. Buchanan holds, necessarily an effectual safeguard against immorality—is nevertheless such a safeguard usually, since it is a guarantee that the artist will conscientiously consult the interests of his art; and the more he does this the more likely is he to produce a work that will exercise a purifying influence upon the whole mind. But in the domain of reason, the more sincere a writer is, the more likely he is to carry conviction, whether his doctrines be moral or immoral. We can only account for this incongruous jumble of ideas which cannot, in such an inquiry as this, be kept too distinct, by supposing that Mr. Buchanan has been confused by his abuse of the word sincerity.

If space permitted, it would be amusing to follow out this fanciful doctrine of Mr. Buchanan's into some of its natural consequences. They are startling enough to astonish the most strong-minded reader. If, for instance, we understand him rightly, Catullus was an immoral writer because he was a "man of splendid instincts." "There is sufficient evidence in the purer portions (of what he wrote) to show that he was insincere in the fouler portions." If so, it would seem to follow, first, that his "splendid instincts" make his writings immoral; and, secondly, that had the "purer portions" by some unlucky accident been lost, Mr. Robert Buchanan, having only the "fouler portions" to judge from, might at this moment in all innocence be extolling the immoral Catullus as a writer no less moral than Petronius Arbitrator or George Sand. Elsewhere we are told that Miss Braddon has not done harm, "partly because she is not sufficiently sincere." We must assuredly have done Mr. Buchanan's "sincerity" theory gross injustice when we compared it to a patent pill, for no pill that we ever heard of professes to create or cure, according to the taste and fancy of the artist, the same disease. Yet the want of sincerity, it seems, makes one writer safe and another dangerous. However, it is scarcely worth while to follow this Protean theory any further. It is to be regretted that Mr. Buchanan, in the effort to produce a theory at once symmetrical and original, should have marred the effect of the valuable truth which his essay contains by mixing up with it so much which, despite the vigorous and pointed language in which it is clothed, bears a most suspicious resemblance to nonsense, and that too of a kind calculated to produce a decidedly immoral effect even upon the moral mind.

FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

THE tourist genus may be divided into two species—the gregarious and the solitary; and it is rather a delicate question to decide which scheme of travelling presents, on the whole, the greatest advantages. We do not reckon amongst travellers those who take their pleasure in herds or caravans, such as Mr. Cook's tourists or the overgrown parties of German students occasionally to be encountered in Switzerland. These persons form a connecting link with the lower genus of excursionists, and entirely fail to fulfil one of the primary conditions of agreeable travelling. For no man can really enjoy the pleasure of being abroad who does not for the time get rid of his friends and forget his home. To go to foreign parts, and yet to move in a portable atmosphere of home associations, is as great a solecism as to wear a black hat in the tropics, or to read the *Times* on the top of Mont Blanc. But amongst more genuine travellers, it is a question whether one or possibly two companions may not increase the pleasure of an expedition. If, indeed, it is an expedition of the more adventurous kind, it seems plain that the chance of success is generally in inverse proportion to the number of the party. The

pace at which such an expedition can proceed at any moment is necessarily that of its slowest member; every one is delayed by all the mishaps of any of his companions. Besides which, the general doctrine that a council of war does not fight is applicable even to a council of two; when each man alone would commit a folly—and success in such cases often depends upon the number of follies achieved—two men talking it over are pretty certain to be injudiciously prudent. But, in speaking of more moderate journeys the principal or sole object of which is pleasure, the problem is not quite so simple. It must of course be admitted that the close association into which fellow-travellers are thrown generally gives occasion for innumerable quarrels which, with a little management, may be nursed into very respectable difficulties. No one ever knows how many are the peculiarities of his best friend which are worthy of serious disapproval until he has travelled with him alone for a few weeks. Just as, in a night journey by railway, innumerable knots and excrescences seem to rise up in the cushions of the carriage for the special annoyance of the traveller, so the incessant friction of two companions brings out asperities of character previously unperceived. It would have been no proof of a really touchy disposition in Benvolio if, when he quarrelled with a man for cracking nuts on the ground that he had himself hazel eyes, they had been previously travelling together. Cracking nuts, though not positively a criminal occupation, is apt, after a certain time, to grate upon the nerves of one who does not crack them, and every disagreeable habit of a constant companion soon comes to bear the appearance of an insult. If a man has a harsh tone in his voice, or has some nervous trick of manner, or eats or drinks or dresses in a manner which does not exactly square with your notions of propriety, it is easy to work yourself into indignation by daily and hourly meditation upon the subject. The cause of annoyance works with cumulative power, like the dropping of water, or the pulling the hairs out of a man's head one at a time, or any other approved method of refined torture. It is difficult at first to convert such annoyances into intentional insults; but even this may be done with practice. Beginning by interpreting them as proofs of a want of refinement or of proper sensibility, it is easy by degrees to convert them into symptoms of indifference, and then of intentional annoyance to your feelings. Thackeray somewhere pathetically describes the annoyance which a man may cause to his friends by eating peas with a knife; and even minor atrocities, when steadily dwelt upon, sometimes appear to justify a divorce from the temporary bonds of companionship.

It may be urged that only a weak mind could be irritated by these apparent trifles. But there are other subjects of dispute which it is less easy to avoid. A great deal may be done by keeping up a constant difference of opinion upon one of the questions which are constantly recurring. Thus it is a good plan to have in your mind a different scale of expenses from that which your friend has adopted, and to insinuate—for insinuations are always more effective, as well as more apparently moderate, than direct assertions—either that he is stingy, or that he is weakly extravagant. Something may be done by systematically ridiculing his taste in cookery or in wine; for, whatever professions a man may make of Spartan indifference to the nature of his fare, he is never pleased at having his judgment decied. There is no disputing, it is said, about matters of taste; which means that there is never an end to such disputes. Or, again, a very happy topic for irritating many men is the question of punctuality. It frequently annoys your friend extremely to assume that he is always behindhand and requires hurrying; and it is even more effective to profess extreme calmness when he is trembling at the thought of missing a train. It is unnecessary to speak of such fruitful subjects of dispute as the sights to be seen, or the roads to be taken, or the necessity of strictly observing the British Sabbath, or a thousand other matters which are notorious to all travellers; neither need we insist upon the golden rule for inflaming a quarrel, that, namely, of always saying "I told you so"—words which should never be long absent from the mouth of a systematic seeker of disputes. When any one of these veins of quarrelling has been successfully opened, there is no limit to the material which may be extracted from it. Under certain circumstances perhaps it is the best thing that can be done. There are certain persons to be found of that wooden composition that the greatest pleasure to be derived from their society is in deliberately baiting them. It is true that this has a superficial appearance of being contrary to the rules of Christian morality. But, after all, it is difficult to say for what other purpose such persons can have been endued with that thickness of skin and general incapacity for sensation which is one of their most prominent characteristics. When it was proposed to make a law against bull-baiting in the early part of this century, Mr. Wyndham defended the practice, partly on the ground that it was a real pleasure to the animal chiefly concerned. It afforded him, he thought, an agreeable excitement. And although this argument has been generally discredited in the case of the bull, there are some human beings to whom it seems difficult not to apply it. It is the only amusement that can be got out of them. At any rate, when hard fate has confined one in a remote part of the world to the society of a thoroughly stolid, heavy, and unimaginative companion, it requires great self-command not to make use of him by sticking moral pins into him, and trying to irritate him into some kind of morbid activity. It may, perhaps, be admitted that if a companion is only useful in this pincushion capacity, it is better not to have a companion at all. Still it

may be urged that such quarrels, besides giving a pleasant fillip to society for the time, and adding a not altogether disagreeable acid to one's daily bread, are very temporary in their nature. Like many other incidents of travelling, they are rather unpleasant at the moment, but are not altogether disagreeable to look back upon. A night spent amongst those "catawampus chawers" commemorated in *Martin Chuzzlewit* very soon becomes a jest as it passes into matter of history, and the intense bitterness with which you disputed a question about giving half a franc to a guide, as if it were a question of demoralizing a nation, speedily shows its humorous side. Like other difficulties, it is pleasant to look back upon. And the absurdly trifling nature of most of such disputes prevents their leaving much sting behind them.

Quarrelsomeness, however, though occasionally useful, is, on the whole, apt to become a nuisance. The art of annoying your companions should not be entirely forgotten, because it is the art which nature has provided for the discomfiture of bores. But it is as well, in arranging a journey, to leave as little chance of it as possible, and therefore, if a companion is necessary, to find one of those rare mortals who possess an angelic temper without unusual stupidity. Such persons, though of infrequent occurrence, undoubtedly exist, and two men have been known to travel together for an entire month without so much as a passing conviction in the mind of either that his friend was amongst the most wearisome and provoking of his race. Even in these rare cases, however, which prove that human nature is not utterly corrupt, there is much to be said in favour of solitary expeditions. One great argument is that a lonely traveller is more likely to be forced into communication with the natives. Such communication is, indeed, rapidly ceasing to be a frequent result of travelling in the modern sense. It will soon be possible for a man to travel from London to Rome or Vienna without knowing what is the language of the natives. Those blessed regions where never "sounds the oath of British commerce or the accents of Cockayne" appear to be receding day by day. The ordinary tourist is enveloped in a swarm of hangers-on so thick as to conceal all other objects from his view. Under pretence of helping him, they not only live upon him, but prevent him from seeing anything except the canonical list of guide-book wonders. That which was formerly the great advantage of travelling—the inducement to mix freely with a set of people who drag out an existence unenlightened by English newspapers—tends to disappear. The solitary traveller has, however, a much better chance of obtaining it than his gregarious rival. He may at times hope to shake himself free from the crowd of compatriots who dog his footsteps. He will be forced to overcome the amiable modesty which generally prevents the English tourist from launching into the unknown perils of a foreign tongue. He will talk with the more boldness in the conviction that he has no jealous friend looking on to triumph over any slip of language into which he may be betrayed; for it is far more humiliating to have a blunder in French detected by an Englishman, who is given to be unduly elated by the mere fact that he can detect a blunder, than by a native, who is bound to be complaisant. In fact, a lonely traveller will probably see much more than if he were hampered by a companion. On the other hand, it is undeniable that he will have to pass some dull hours when he might be quarrelling, or, if he prefers it, talking amicably, with a friend. It is a melancholy fact that the desire of a man for companionship generally diminishes as his experience increases; it may be that he feels himself more independent, and has rubbed off some of the foolish shyness which besets novices in the art. The cynical observer will perhaps prefer the explanation that, as we grow older, we become more alive to the possibility that even our best friends may sometimes become bores, and that it is possible to see too much of the most amiable and entertaining of mankind. The benevolent enthusiasm which leads us instinctively to share our pleasures with our friends gradually gives way to a conviction that our friends are occasionally quite capable of spoiling, as well as of increasing, the pleasures they partake.

It may, however, be added, as a more amiable conclusion, that one of the greatest advantages of travelling is the opportunity which it affords for increasing our circle of friendships. However hateful a man may appear to us at the moment when he is making us late for a train, or eating peas with a knife in our company, or bargaining over the items of a bill, or committing any other atrocity which makes us vow at the moment to forswear his acquaintance in future, we generally like him the better for having been with us. Some of the good sides of a man's character come out in travelling, as well as the bad ones; and most couples, in travelling as in matrimony, end by becoming tolerably reconciled to each other, notwithstanding strong instances to the contrary—a consideration which should perhaps turn the tables in favour of companionship with sociable persons.

THE LEOPARD AND HIS SPOTS.

IT is surprising to find how little most people understand what is really involved in a man's character, and how imperfectly they appreciate the fact that it must always be by far the most important thing about him. The proof of this is the tenacity with which we see them persisting, in the face of all experience, in the expectation of a given line of conduct from a person whose whole character renders such conduct as sheer an impossibility as it is

for a bramble to produce grapes, or for a thistle to bring forth figs. They do not recognise that it is character which makes the difference between one kind of man and another, or that the differences thus established are as generic as those between a peony and a violet, between an ass and a horse, between a block of granite and a reach of shifting sand. If all this were realized as it deserves to be, some of the kindest and best persons in the world would be saved from the pains of the most bitter disappointment that can be felt; and, more than this, they would understand better how to set to work to procure at least an approximation to the fulfilment of their hopes. That is to say, in the first place, they would not demand more from a given character than it is capable of doing; and, in the second place, having gauged its capacity, they would waste no time in fruitless efforts to drag it beyond this, but would make all their energies tell by confining them within the limits where only they could be effective. To insist upon getting from off a certain soil a richer kind of crop than it can support is the sure way both to fail in this and to lose the humbler crop which might have been got. There is much that is excusable in the motives which prompt an indulgence in a delusive shutting of the eyes to what character means. It is always more or less distasteful to an ardent mind to find itself in presence of insurmountable obstacles to the accomplishment of its desires, and it may safely be asserted that no obstacles are so hopeless as those which a grown-up person's character opposes. There is at first sight something downright preposterous and incredible in the notion that anybody can be absolutely and finally incapacitated for discerning his or her own good, or, if not for seeing it, still for practically pursuing it. It seems as if in a well-ordered world everybody should be able to ascend at least whatever moral heights are within his view. Yet we see people every day who could no more endure the hardships and difficulties involved in the practice of this or that virtue than Sir John Falstaff could have got to the top of the Matterhorn. After a certain time, and in some cases from the very beginning, there are feats which it is out of the question to perform. Nearly any boy of seven or eight years of age might be taken and made into a perfect gymnast, for whom no exploit that ever has been performed would be too difficult to repeat. But a man of five-and-thirty, accustomed to live freely and not too regularly, could never be made, by any amount of training and industry and self-denial, agile enough to wheel a barrow along a rope ever so many score feet above the ground. Metaphors are always a little dangerous, but this seems a fair illustration of the moral impossibilities which flow from a settled character. The excuse for ignoring or resolutely denying these moral impossibilities is that, now and then, somebody whom all his friends have considered given up to a reprobate mind turns over a new leaf, and becomes a very prodigy of virtue. In the same way, less happily, a man or woman up to a certain point in life does all that piety and social duty demand, and then suddenly falls away into shameful courses. Cases of this sort, however, do not in any way upset the general law that a man can only act as his character allows or compels him. The only true conclusion is that we should be slow in assuring ourselves that we have fathomed all the depths and acquainted ourselves with all the inner recesses of anybody's character.

It may be asked, can we ever be sure, after any amount of experience on this side of the grave, that we have got this exhaustive knowledge of the character of a single human being? Do we know any one person who does not now and again surprise us by some caprice, some inconsistency, something which the moment before seeing it we should have declared utterly impossible, and not to be thought of? It is true that human nature seems to love freaks and paradoxes. And nobody with much experience of these vagaries would be rash enough to predict with dogmatic confidence how his most intimate friend would act in the midst of a certain set of outward conditions. We may at any moment find that in an unexplored corner of his mind lie a whole brood of desires and scruples and ideas which nobody, perhaps not even the man himself, had ever suspected. But then the point that we are pressing is that they were there before, and it was not the outward conditions which begot them. Circumstances only act as a magnifying instrument. They show qualities, and in the past they have helped to generate them; but the man's conduct in any particular case is the fruit and outcome of motives which were prepared beforehand. When Coleridge says that it is the man who makes the motive, and not the motive the man, this is what he means. If you knew the man thoroughly, you would also know thoroughly to which of two conflicting motives in a crisis he will be sure to yield. It is his character which gives to the victorious motive the preponderating weight, and only in a secondary and reflex way that the motive operates on his character. For instance, suppose you see a friend conceiving the project of marrying, when you know that he is spoiling his prospects by such a step. You make the consequences of his design clear to him, and he still perseveres. Why? Because he is of an improvident and inconsiderate character. Because the habit of postponing the future to the present, of purchasing a small good now at the price of a greater and more enduring good to come, has got such mastery over him that he is as completely disabled from balancing motives as he would be from walking if he had both his legs paralysed. He has lost the power of free choice whether he will go, and is like a locomotive forced to run in whatever direction his second nature chooses to set the points. True, it was his own fault that he

selected a pointsman who always turned him on to wrong lines leading to the various halting-places that skirt the road to ruin. And this brings us to the gist of the doctrine. People foolishly say that, by representing second nature as so mighty and irresistible, one is preaching a kind of fatalism, and teaching men to give up the battle with evil habits. But surely a more probable effect of pointing out how inexorably a man's character rules over him will be greater wariness and diligence in the formation of so omnipotent an agency. If he knows that the habits which he tolerates or encourages in himself will eventually make it a matter of infinite difficulty, or even of plain impossibility, to act otherwise than as they permit, then he is all the more likely to exercise a cautious judgment in going under the yoke. Teach him that he can dethrone his rulers at a moment's notice, and he becomes comparatively indifferent to the beneficence or hurtfulness of their sway.

Perhaps, however, it may seem that, after all, the practical tendency of this theory, that the fruit is only such as it is the nature of the tree to bear, is to make everybody who has got a weak character yield to despair, or rather yield without resistance to the demands of the formidable tyrant whom they have placed over themselves. Even if this were so, it would be no reason why we should not exert ourselves to deliver others from some part at least of the evil which besets them. The discovery that a cob-nut tree is not a vine is no reason why we should not manure and dig about the cob-nut. A man finds, for example, that his wife, whom he took for a very high-souled sympathetic woman, proves on nearer acquaintance to have got a confirmed habit of looking at things in a narrow, fractious, half-hearted way. If he does not grasp the fact that people cannot climb higher than their own nature, he will probably have the rest of his days made miserable by injudicious and overstrained efforts to raise the character of his wife to an impossible altitude. But if he be a wise man, he knows that he can only make the best of what is, and the conviction that he is mated to a creature whom he cannot radically alter, and yet whom he has no legal excuse for putting away, will not make him kick against the pricks. On the contrary, aware that the temper which vexes and harasses him is the result of an evil growth on one side, and is in a manner inevitable, he will both know how in some sort to counterbalance the evil by developing the other side, and meanwhile to take what has befallen him as lightly as may be. A recognition such as this of the truth of the case prevents the fretful and wearing anger which leads to such a waste of the equable enjoyment of life. Besides, a just insight into all that depends upon character is the strongest incitement to caution, either in taking a wife or in forming any other relation with one's fellows. People often fancy that they have got the secret of a character when they have only caught a single superficial mood. They will not be persuaded that one or two moods, one or two outbursts of a particular humour, are far from exhausting the depths of anybody's nature. Or else, on the other hand, the experience of the one or two moods is thrown away upon them. When men and women fall in love with one another they nearly always exhibit this infatuated blindness to what disinterested observers can see plainly enough. Who has not known a man confess that the lady of his love has such and such faults, and yet persist that underneath there lies a fine rich nature, which only requires a little culture, a little removal from unfortunate home influences, and so on? Everybody but himself may be able to see that the given faults are incompatible with any underlying fineness or richness. He himself makes the discovery when it is too late. One has seen even shrewd and sensible men marry women with no more stability or individuality of character than one of those india-rubber faces which schoolboys amuse themselves by twisting into any shape they choose, yet with the persuasion all the time that marriage would, in some mysterious way, develop this lacking force. And here is another of the commonest delusions in the world. Both with respect to others and in thinking about themselves people hope that some change in outward circumstance will accomplish that change of character which, in reality, can only be effected either by their own will, or else which perhaps cannot be effected at all, because they are incapable of willing it strongly enough. A man admits that he is indolent, and that his schemes remain unfulfilled, but goes on hoping that when he gets into his new house, or has got his books removed into a quieter room, then his industry will forthwith know no bounds. Or his life is involved in a general tangle; everything is cloudy and in disorder. Instead of either setting steadily to work to unravel the complications in which he is enmeshed, or else of cutting the knot with a metaphorical sword, he trusts with patient confidence that some change of outward surrounding will put everything to rights for him. How many men have fancied that going into orders would instantaneously quench all evil desires, and extirpate all evil habits, and make the practice of virtue and high-mindedness both easy and sure! Yet men do not hope to gather grapes off a bramble by moving it into a vineyard. Did one not see such abundant instances of this mistaken hope, it would appear impossible for men to suppose that a character which has been the growth of a large portion of a life, which has been made what it is by the accumulation of thousands of repeated acts and a mass of daily indulged habits, should be revolutionized and turned into something quite different by a single outward process, such as being married or ordained. There is something almost pathetic in the tenacity with which weak men and weaker women cling to the hope that an anticipated change of circumstance will bring them a magical accession of moral strength. But the

sooner they learn that they are hoping in vain, the more likely they are to betake themselves to more efficacious remedies, provided only they have salt and energy enough of character to be able to profit by the discovery.

Theologians see into the significance of all this when they assert the impossibility of conversion without the special interference of divine grace. It is perhaps a reaction from this, as from so many other theological dogmas, which accounts for the unwillingness of moralists to interpret the truth contained in it into the phrases of morals. But still the truth is very well worth attending to, that it is not mere taking thought that will enable a man to add a cubit to his moral, any more than to his physical, stature. He is what he is made by circumstances, by others, and above all by himself. Only a time comes when the process is more or less reversed, and when he is drawn along and governed by the character which was in part his own creation.

CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUES IN AMERICA.

THE taunts thrown out upon the failure of the anticipations formed by most English observers regarding the issue of the American struggle have been carried further than is altogether just or reasonable. It should be remembered that the experience of the past fully warranted the belief that a resolute people of warlike tastes and spirit, defending a vast and half-settled country, could hold their own against greatly superior numbers; and the bearing of the changed conditions of modern warfare upon the fortunes of such a contest was for the first time exhibited in this very war. After all, the most confident predictions of the most enthusiastic partisans of the South were not so signally falsified as those "ninety-day promises" so often repeated by Mr. Seward. But, however erroneous may have been the estimate commonly formed by thoughtful politicians of the respective forces of the contending powers, their expectations in regard to the difficulties which victory must entail upon the Unionists have been completely justified. Republican organs were indignant at the suggestion that reunion was an object hardly to be obtained by force. They insisted that, on the defeat of the Confederate armies and the submission of the South, everything would fall back into its old course, and the Constitution would resume its operation without jar or hitch, as if it had never been interrupted. Experience and common sense alike seemed to refute this sanguine anticipation, and their warning has been verified. The difficulty has not come from the quarter in which most reluctance and hostility was expected. The defeat of the South was so complete and overwhelming that she was willing for the moment to come back on her enemy's terms. But the very men who most confidently asserted the self-restoring power of the Constitution are now loudest in deprecating the readmission of the conquered to their political privileges. They see now that which was in vain pointed out to them five years ago—the dangers and difficulties which must attend the working of the constitutional machinery by the hands of parties inflamed against one another by the recollection of inextinguishable wrongs; and the uncertainty of the consequences that may ensue from the resumption by the conquered of franchises which might be used to undo the work of conquest. The present attitude of the Radical party is in direct contradiction to every plea by which they maintained the justice or vindicated the policy of the war. They then held that secession was a nullity—that the seceded States were in the Union, and could not go out of it. They now treat secession as a fact—the act, not of individuals, but of the States—and insist that the latter are out of the Union, and shall not return to it. They then declared that they were fighting only to force back the South into her old relations, and indignantly repudiated the idea of governing her as a conquered country; they are now fiercely assailing President Johnson for acting upon that declaration. It would not be just to draw too harsh an inference from this inconsistency. The language held in 1861, and up to 1864, probably expressed the real intentions of all but a few of the leaders of the present Opposition; their actual policy is the result of convictions which have changed as the difficulties which seemed so slight in anticipation became real and immediate. But it certainly does not become those who have shared in such a change of views to throw in the teeth of others their mistaken conjectures in regard to the issue of the war.

To restore the Constitution, with a Republican interpretation of certain doubtful points, was at first the real as well as the professed object of the party. Nor did their professions change even when the Constitution broke down under a strain never contemplated by its founders. That it must break down under the strain of a sectional war those founders would, indeed, have been the first to admit, for they had expressly considered the minor contingency of resistance or secession on the part of a single State, and deliberately withheld from the Federal Government the right of coercion. In assuming that right, therefore, the Federal Government undertook an enterprise requiring exertions of power which the Constitution had refused to it, and it was forced from one act of technical illegality into another, till a profession of constitutional doctrines which, in 1860, would have found no questioner, exposed men to the charge of disaffection. The Executive usurped the authority of a national ruler in time of war; Congress, under its sanction, encroached largely upon the functions of the State Legislatures. Such was the constitutional situation when the South submitted, and when, after a transitional period of military government in the subjugated States, the President proposed to

restore them to their legal position in the Union, to domestic self-government and Federal representation. Prior to this he had secured their consent to regular Amendments of the Constitution which legalized the principal results of the war—the renunciation of secession, the abolition of slavery, the repudiation of the Southern debt. He had thus established a basis on which a constitutional restoration seemed feasible, and saw nothing to prevent a return to the reign of legality.

The programme thus laid down by the President has been endorsed by the Conservative party, formed by a coalition between the more moderate Republicans and the old Democratic or State-Rights connection. Their "platform," embodied in the resolutions of the Philadelphia Convention, has the immense advantage of being strictly consistent, definite, and constitutional. Their interpretation of the Constitution, whether right or wrong, is at all events admissible, and has been sanctioned by events. They assert the principles for which the North drew the sword—the perpetuity of the Union, the inviolability of the Constitution, the abolition of slavery. They further insist on the repudiation of the Southern, and the recognition of the Union, debt. The objects of the war, as laid down during its progress, having been secured, they demand the enforcement of the Constitution. No rebellion, or fear of rebellion, any longer exists to authorize its suspension. The Southern States are in the Union; have never been out of it; and, being in it, are entitled to all the privileges it confers—to manage their internal affairs in their own way, and to have their Senators and Representatives seated in Congress. Of the legal correctness of this programme there can be no doubt. The Constitution gives Congress no power to exclude a State, or to deprive it of a single seat, and recognises no mode in which a State may forfeit its privileges, and no tribunal by which the forfeiture may be enforced. And, as the powers not granted explicitly to Congress are explicitly withheld, it follows that the exclusion of the South is an act of usurpation which renders doubtful the constitutional character of the present Congress, and invalidates all such acts as require the assent of a certain proportion of its members.

So far the case of the Conservatives is unanswerable. The weakness of the Radicals lies in the utter impossibility of putting their claims into a constitutional shape. Much might be said for their policy, and something for their justice, though in both respects we think them defective; but they are clearly illegal. The party fear that the abolition of slavery may be rendered incomplete by State legislation, and desire that Congress should be allowed to enforce it by further enactments; but the case lies utterly out of the province of Congress. The duty of protecting constitutional rules against State legislation in domestic matters belongs to the Supreme Court, not to the Federal Legislature. The Radicals insist that by secession the Southern States have forfeited their privileges; but no clause in the Constitution warrants the assertion, and the general reservation of all powers not expressly conferred forbids Congress to enact such a forfeiture. They claim that the South is a conquered country, liable to be governed at the pleasure of the conqueror. But this is inconsistent with the whole theory which the North has maintained, which treated the Southern secession as a rebellion of individuals, and the war as waged for the suppression of that rebellion. The rebellion crushed, law resumes its reign; and there is no law under which a State can be reduced to the condition of a Territory. Much was done, during and since the war, under the plea of the "war power" supposed to belong to the Commander-in-chief, a power analogous to the proclamation of martial law in European countries; but then the war power resides exclusively in the President, and the President is a Conservative. The absence of a definable constitutional position obliges the Radicals to resort to vague declamation, and appeals to popular passion; to outcries of "treason," and assertions that the President is striving to revive "the rebellion," and is "sacrificing the objects of the war." Nevertheless, their case is stronger than their mode of stating it. The fact that no party has yet dared to impugn the validity of the Constitution gives a great, but a somewhat artificial, advantage to the Conservatives. The truth is that during the war the Constitution met with very little respect. The creation of the State of West Virginia, the Confiscation Act, and more than one of the less important measures of Congress were in direct and flagrant violation of its express provisions; the whole administration of the South during the period of reorganization has been without constitutional warranty; and, in bending the Constitution to what they conceive to be the requirements of the situation, the Radical leaders are only carrying out consistently a policy which until recently had been adopted without hesitation by the Government, and had received the ready acquiescence of the people. On the other hand, it is probable that the great majority always contemplated a return to legality as soon as the immediate necessity was over, and had no idea of having the nature of their Government permanently changed by a silent and unauthorized revolution.

The extreme excitement at present prevailing in the North may be traced in great measure to the manner in which the constitutional and practical aspects of the questions at issue are involved. But for this, there would be little doubt that the voice of the majority would, now as heretofore, decide everything; and that the beaten party, however loud in their tone and violent in their bearing beforehand, would quietly accept the decision. But, on the one side, the Radicals, conscious that they are already in conflict with the law, show a disposition to go to greater lengths as their position becomes less satisfactory; and, on the other, the

Conservatives seem capable of refusing to submit to adverse measures whose constitutional validity may be questioned. Thus, if the elections of the North should give the Radicals a narrow majority, their opponents, sure of the Southern vote, may insist that, as its exclusion is clearly illegal, they have themselves the national majority on their side; and if Congress should, as is threatened, impeach the President, it is not impossible that he may refuse to resign, and may treat the act of a mutilated and imperfect Legislature as a legal nullity. In such an event, Americans seem to believe that civil war would ensue; and the Radicals have not hesitated to threaten a resort to arms.

It is evident that more is at stake than the future of the negro or of the Southern States. The contest has ulterior and more general bearings. The Conservatives endeavour to restore, as far as possible, the old balance of power—the central Government confined to strictly national affairs, the State authorities with full control over domestic legislation and administration. The balance would not be what it was in 1860; for the central power has gained, and the local has lost, immensely in moral prestige and political strength. But the province of the former is so much narrower, and affects so much less the daily life of the citizen and the prosperity of the people, that the States would probably gradually gain on the Union, as heretofore. To this the policy of the Radicals is distinctly opposed. In order to establish their control over the South—whether by direct military rule or by local Governments placed in the hands of a Radical faction in each State, to the exclusion of the mass of the people—and in order to extend and maintain the desired protectorate over the negro, they must assert for the Federal Government a power little short of sovereign, and for Congress a paramount legislative authority almost amounting to that of a national Parliament. In short, they must assimilate their Constitution, at least in its practical working, to our own; they must invest Congress with the powers of a House of Commons, and reduce the States to a condition little above that of municipalities. This is the sense of the resolutions of their late Convention, and the evident tendency of the course which, under their direction, Congress has hitherto pursued. It has encroached upon the authority of the President on one hand, and of the States on the other; and in the language of Radical orators and journals we see a decided tendency to ignore the vast interval between Congress and Parliament, and to speak of resistance to the will of the former as we should speak of disobedience to a vote of the House of Commons. Some English writers have been so far misled that they have censured the President—who is as much the representative of the people as Congress is, and wholly independent of its authority—exactly as if he were an English Minister, carrying out a policy condemned by a Parliamentary majority. There is much to be said on either side—for Federalism or for centralization—but at all events the latter implies a complete revolution in American polity. It is utterly inconsistent with the Constitution, the habits of the people, their history, and the mode in which they have hitherto reconciled a vast extension of territory with the preservation of national unity. There is, however, in the North so little of State diversity and so much of a national spirit, so little jealousy of the Federal power and so much of reaction against "State rights," that it does not seem impossible that the usurpations of Congress may meet with a large amount of popular support. If so, and if the Opposition should succeed in overpowering the President, we may not only see a Republican Government of the broadest democratic principles ruling, through an infinitesimal minority hedged in by bayonets, the reluctant people of provinces as wide as half Europe, but we may witness the still more remarkable spectacle of a great revolution effected without a popular vote, without legislative recognition, without the formal abrogation of the written Constitution; and the virtual abandonment of the grandest experiment in the Federal form of government that the world has yet seen tried.

We confess to grave doubts as to the success of a consolidated government in the United States. The enormous area to be governed, with its remoter districts separated by deserts and half-impassable mountains; the conflicting habits, ideas, and interests of different sections; the very numbers that in another generation may be expected to inhabit a country so inviting, appear to require such diversity of institutions, such local freedom, and such power of action in the local government as Federalism affords; and if the chain which binds the diverse and distant parts were drawn so tight as the Radical policy would draw it, it is not unlikely to be one day violently snapped. It seems at least as probable that the tendency of consolidation and centralized government would be to bring about a violent disruption as that the looseness of the Federal tie and the centrifugal forces which it allows to work would tend to gradual and peaceful dissolution. Experience and reason seem to suggest that a great Confederation admits of a wider expansion of territory and population, before reaching the point at which cohesion ceases, than any other form of government; and that, of all forms of government, a consolidated democracy is that which soonest reaches the ultimate limits of its possible extension.

PARISIAN NEWSPAPERS.

THOSE who hear so frequently about the "warnings" given to French journals, and who know that in France freedom of the press has been pronounced incompatible with the maintenance of the Empire, will probably marvel when they are told

that for some time back hardly a month has elapsed during which the publication of a new newspaper has not been announced in Paris. The fact is, that in no other capital are so many daily and weekly papers offered for sale as in that of France at the present time. People will naturally conclude either that the proprietors of these publications must have plenty of money to squander, or else that they have no wits to lose. It will seem to them the height of folly that men should deliberately embark in ventures of which the shipwreck is certain; should employ their capital in founding a newspaper which may be suppressed at the pleasure of an arbitrary Minister. The solution of this puzzle may not only convey information, but will furnish another illustration of that Imperial policy which consists in repressing discontent by corrupting the minds of the governed.

In opposition, then, to the generally received opinion, we assert that every Frenchman may found a newspaper, and may conduct it without dread of interference, provided that he never discusses political questions, or inserts news of a political character; that he strictly confines himself to reporting scandalous anecdotes and relating indelicate stories; that he is always in raptures at the doings of the Court, shows himself a fervent admirer of the Emperor, and professes enthusiasm for the young Imperial Prince. Taking advantage of the opportunity to become at once servile to the Government and popular with the crowd, one speculator after another has started a journal containing no information worth having, and no opinions which could dispense a tyrant. The cheapest and most widely circulated of these periodicals is the *Petit Journal*. It is sold for a halfpenny, and is bought by upwards of a quarter of a million of persons. Each number contains a sort of essay, the instalment of a novel, extracts from the worst cases of the police reports, full details about the last murder or suicide, and the news of the day—that is, all the particulars relating to the state of the weather and the money-market, and the sayings and doings of the more shameless section of Parisian society. The essay writer and the novelist are the leading spirits of the journal. The former writes under the pseudonym of "Timothée Trimm," and produces articles which in happier days would scarcely have found a reader in France, but which are now the favourite intellectual food of hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen. His productions are equally remarkable for their impertinence and their triviality. At one time the public is informed how to make soup, at another how the writer felt when witnessing a mother whipping her child. Not only does he adopt the French penny-a-liner's trick for filling space, which is to make a paragraph of a sentence, but he prints every clause of a sentence as a separate paragraph. The following passage is a good illustration of the trick referred to, and a fair sample of his style. It is the introduction to an essay on the "Pot-au-feu":—

Let others, during the hours of the Carnival, extol good cheer,
And pronounce a panegyric on truffled fowls and pine-apple soup!
Let the apologetists of tit-bits praise the golden plover and the fat ortolan, the delicate pheasant and the delectable goose liver.
I will not join the train of these flatterers;
And since, for once in my life I have taken a fancy for treating gastronomy,
I wish to uphold the commonest and the most customary kind of food,
The most nourishing and the most wholesome,
The true national dish of France,
Popular as macaroni in Italy,
Sour-croût in Germany, and roast-beef in England.
I have indicated the *Pot-au-feu*.

This is the sort of stuff of which "Timothée Trimm" writes four or five columns daily, and for which he finds about four hundred thousand readers. It is not worse, however, than the novels for which the *Petit Journal* is famous. They are generally from the pen of M. Ponson du Terrail, a writer compared with whom the most "sensational" of English novelists must be pronounced tame, and who would easily distance in a competitive examination the most able among the contributors of bloody tales to our cheap journals, or the most popular among the dramatists of the trans-pontine theatres. Had Eugène Sue been alive he would have found more than his match in M. Ponson du Terrail.

Success leads to rivalry. It was natural, then, that M. Millaud, the founder of the *Petit Journal*, should have competitors for the sums which a paper like it had caused to flow into his treasury. Accordingly, M. Villemessant stepped forward with the *Grand Journal* as a candidate for popular favour. As its name indicates, it is the antithesis of the *Petit Journal* in size, being nearly four times larger. It is also five times dearer, and is published weekly. That it has been fairly successful, we learn from a report of the annual meeting of its proprietors, published some weeks back, where it is announced that the dividend for the year is within a fraction of eight and a half per cent. Notable for the largeness of its type and the whiteness of its paper, as well as for the comparative solidity of its contents, the success of the *Grand Journal* is not wholly undeserved. Yet to show how difficult it is to fill so many columns with matter to which the authorities will not take exception, its conductors are obliged to devote nearly an entire page to a repetition of the chit-chat which has appeared in its contemporaries during the week. Not satisfied with surpassing the *Petit Journal* once a week, M. Villemessant determined to compete with it every day, and founded the *Événement*. This newcomer costs a penny, and furnishes a more ample feast of horrors than its lower-priced rival. M. Paul Féval, a veteran composer of thrilling stories, has been employed to contest the palm with M. Ponson du Terrail. The *Embalmed Husband*, the novel with which he undertook to gratify his readers, is, as far as we can judge, well fitted for

throwing them into fits of excitement. In order to meet this competitor, M. Millaud founded another paper at the same price, and of the same size, and called the *Soleil*. Thus three daily journals are now employed in the mission of providing the most pernicious kind of reading for the French public. They appeal, not to the poor and ignorant, but to those who are supposed to be educated, and who are in a position to enjoy the luxuries of life. A taste for what is vile is more easily excited than an admiration for what is noble. Details of suicides, murders, and adulteries are always welcome to the half-educated, and become after a time agreeable to those who, although more cultivated, have little else to read. As the very worst of these publications, the *Petit Journal* enjoys the largest circulation. Like certain English newspapers which boast of having "the largest circulation in the world," it sets forth, as its best advertisement, the number of copies published. Its competitors have to resort to other measures. They bribe as well as boast. For example, the regular subscriber to the *Événement* was presented at Christmas last with a box of oranges; and whoever then paid a quarter's subscription in advance might also come in for a chance of the same precious reward. At the present time the two rivals are tempting the public with gratis copies of Victor Hugo's *Misérables* or *Travailleurs de la Mer*, as inducements to buy the literary rubbish which they offer at a low price, but which would be dear as a gift.

Each of the enterprising gentlemen we have named possesses a number of other journals, which differ in little but the titles from those already noticed. There are others in the market, but none of them can surpass those we have named in appealing with effect to the most depraved tastes of readers, one alone excepted. This is called *Colombine*. It came before the world with the recommendation of being edited by an actress, and having actresses for contributors. The life of the world of vice was to be made public in its columns. We do not think that its success equalled the expectations of its founders. Indeed, in place of being more attractive than the established organs of bad reputation, it proved far duller than the *Petit Journal*. The revelations it contained were not novel; the anecdotes were devoid of piquancy. Its originality consisted in being printed on pink paper, and this, though appropriate enough, was yet hardly sufficient to compensate for its drawbacks. But the badness of all these papers is less to be wondered at than the fatuity of a Government which can think it a duty to encourage them. That it should do so is an irrefragable proof that vice, and not virtue, is in favour at Court. It proves, moreover, that so long as French men of letters do not call in question the Emperor's policy, they may publish with impunity the most wretched and demoralizing trash.

Before a Frenchman dare print and vend a newspaper containing the slightest allusion to politics, he must deposit a large sum as caution-money, and obtain the permission of the Government. He may be perfectly inoffensive, and mean no harm to his fellows, but, on the contrary, may desire to benefit them as much as to enrich himself. Should he succeed in obtaining the requisite permission, he has another difficulty to contend against—namely, the tax in the shape of a stamp which is affixed to each number of a licensed paper. The effect of this is, of course, to oblige him to charge a higher price for his journal than may be charged for one which is unstamped. Suppose him, on the other hand, to be a speculator who is solely animated by a desire to gain a large return for his outlay, he will find no hindrance should he wish to own a newspaper. If he confines himself to retailing scandal, he may found as many papers as he pleases. He may sell them at a price within the means of the poorest class of readers, because he has no security to give, and no stamp to purchase. He is thus unchecked in his desire to work as much mischief, and get in return as much profit, as possible. He may even count on the approbation of courtiers, and the patronage of Ministers. He is certain to be invited to all the State balls. He will rejoice to think that he inhabits a country where respectable newspapers enjoy the minimum of liberty, and disreputable ones indulge in the maximum of license.

It is not uncommon for the devoted adherents of the Imperial dynasty to deny that the press in France is fettered. They are fond of asserting that, so long as the law is not violated, entire freedom of expression is allowed. They will probably add, if questioned as to the nature of the law, that it resembles that which in England punishes the journalist who libels his fellow-men. A foreigner will assuredly be told by them that in France the press is really as free as elsewhere, inasmuch as whoever will may found a newspaper. This is in a sense undeniable. But it is equally true, and equally misleading, to say that a manacled prisoner is not to be pitied because he may dance. When appealed to, the prisoner would assuredly say that he considers freedom to mean the power of leaving the gaol and going where he pleases, as well as of moving his shackled limbs within the four walls of his cell. As matters now are in Paris, the *Journal des Débats* may say nothing displeasing to the authorities without endangering its existence, whereas the *Petit Journal* may publish whatever suits its purpose, heedless of unpleasant consequences. The fool may bray, but the sage's mouth is forcibly closed. "Timothée Trimm" is applauded when he writes something unusually coarse or silly, while Prévost-Paradol is prosecuted should he criticize the acts of the Government with the prescience of a statesman and the calmness of a philosopher.

THE RHINE FRONTIER.

IT certainly seems strange that, at this time of day, the seizure of Western Germany by France should be a possibility not only to be dreaded, but seriously to be argued about. The thing may happen, just as any other piece of wrong and robbery may happen; and, as it may happen, and as it is well known that there are those who wish it to happen, it is a thing for Germany and Europe to guard against. What strikes us as wonderful is that there should be people out of France who need to be convinced that such an event is not altogether right and proper. We fear that Mr. Pope Hennessy does not stand alone. There are many people who have some confused notion that the Rhine is the "natural boundary" between Germany and France; that the lands west of the Rhine either were at some time French, or else that, in the eternal fitness of things, they ought to be French; that France, in seizing them, would simply be recovering an old possession of which she has been unjustly deprived. The way in which this notion has come about shows very clearly how practical an influence right or wrong notions of the history even of very remote and very obscure times may have on present affairs. France, for at least eight centuries past, has in a manner lived on perversions of the history of eleven centuries earlier still. William of Malmesbury found it necessary to protest against the French pretensions of his day, just as it is necessary now to protest against the French pretensions of our day. He thought it right to put on record, in language which shows that some people even then fancied otherwise, that the ancient Franks were Germans, that their Kings and Emperors spoke German, that the Gallic "Franci" of his day were not real "Franci," but that their proper name was the "Galwalas." Now this is exactly the sort of thing against which we have had to fight over and over again. The only difference is that, in William's time, the special subtlety had not been hit upon of playing fast and loose with the matter—of being Gaul and Frank at once, and putting forth either character as momentary convenience demands. The putters forth of these false claims have the great advantage of having popular ignorance on their side. They can venture on almost any statement with regard to ages of which few people know anything. One general caution we will give to our less learned readers. Beware of the great millenary fallacy. Whenever you see, either in a manifesto from the Tuileries or in an article from Printing-House Square, a passage which contains any flourishes about anything having "lasted a thousand years," be sure that such flourishes always usher in some gross historical misstatement, and that such misstatement is employed to bolster up some present wrong either in fact or in contemplation.

The favourite theory of natural boundaries is one which runs quite contrary to the other favourite theory of nationalities. But it is easy sometimes to put forward one and sometimes the other, as happens to be convenient at the moment. The nationality theory is the more attractive, but the natural-boundary theory is the more pliable, the more easily used on all occasions. The nationality theory requires a certain groundwork of fact; the natural-boundary theory dispenses with facts altogether. No one would have the face to claim such and such a people as belonging to such and such a "nationality," unless there were at least some superficial connection or resemblance, in language or otherwise, between them. But anything that anybody pleases may be called a natural boundary. That the people of Savoy speak something which, in a rough and ready way of grouping languages, passes as "French," is an obvious fact. So do the people of Vaud, Geneva, and Neuchâtel. The fact is undeniable; all that we deny is the inference. But when we get to natural boundaries, we have got utterly out of the region of facts. It is as easy to call one thing a natural boundary as another. To call the Rhine the natural boundary of France is purely arbitrary; while one is about it, it would be just as easy to say the Elbe. It is just as easy, on the other hand, to say the Rhone or the Saone. The truth is that, so far as there are such things as natural boundaries at all, they must be either seas or mountains. Great Britain has a natural boundary; so has Spain. But Germany, East and West, has absolutely none. A river is not a natural boundary in the sense that a sea or a mountain range is. A river may be a convenient line of demarcation. If a large river flows near the point where one nation ends and another begins, it is convenient on many grounds to take the river as a limit. But a river cannot be a natural boundary like a sea or a mountain, because it is not in the same way a natural barrier. If the line where the German and French languages, where German and French national feeling, severally begin and end were within a mile or so of either bank of the Rhine, it would be convenient to make the Rhine the geographical limit. But Germany, in every sense, notoriously stretches far west of the Rhine. To call the Rhine a natural boundary is simply nonsense.

The truth is that the words "natural boundary" suggest to most minds something more than a boundary which it is convenient to draw, and easy to remember, on the map. They suggest the idea of an historical boundary. When people talk of the Rhine as the natural boundary of Germany and France, they generally have some indistinct notion that it was the boundary some time or other. Mr. Pope Hennessy evidently thinks that it was so from the beginning of things till the year 1814. The truth is that, till the Peace of Westphalia, the French territory never touched the Rhine at any point, and that the Rhine never was the boundary in the full extent now claimed, except during a

few years of the great Revolutionary War. The French conquered part of Germany, and kept it till the Germans turned them out again. That is the whole amount of historical precedent for the Rhine frontier. But, more than this, if we are to go by the precedents of that time, the argument proves rather too much. The boundaries of Revolutionary France were always fluctuating; whatever is to be said for the frontier of the Rhine may also be said for the Sesia, the Save, the Dalmatian Alps, the Baltic and the Ionian Seas. If Aachen and Mainz were once French territory, so were Lübeck, Hamburg, Geneva, Florence, Rome, Trieste, Zara, Corfu. The right of France to the Rhenish provinces is exactly the same as its right to the Hanse Towns, the Patrimony of St. Peter, the Illyrian provinces, and the Ionian Islands. Aachen and Mainz were French cities a little longer, because they were conquered a little sooner, than Lübeck and Ragusa. But the possession of the one was as just or unjust as the possession of the other. Whatever historical right France has to the frontier of the Rhine, it has exactly the same historical right to the frontier of the Leucadian canal.

But people often have some hazy notion that the Rhine was the frontier at some much earlier time. To find any such time they must leap back—very appropriately, we must allow, according to recent teaching—from the days of Buonaparte to the days of Caesar. The Rhine certainly was, speaking roughly, the frontier of the Roman Province of Gaul. We say speaking roughly, because there was a certain amount of Roman territory to the east of the river. But to draw any conclusion from this fact implies the identity of modern France and Roman Gaul. But modern France is simply one of several States which have arisen within the limits of Roman Gaul, one which has contrived to eat up most of the others. But it has not yet eaten up all. Belgium and Switzerland still remain; so does Italy, large portions of which, as well as of Germany, came within the limits of Roman Gaul. Switzerland or Belgium may claim to represent Roman Gaul equally with France; the French claim to the Rhine frontier is in truth exactly as reasonable on historical grounds as a Swiss claim to the Atlantic frontier or a Belgian claim to the Pyrenean frontier. It is open to Switzerland or Belgium to make such claims if they please, and, if they could command as many bayonets as France, they might not only make them, but they might get men to believe them. And, after all, a glance at the map of Roman Gaul itself shows the utter falsehood of the pretended identification of Roman Gaul and modern France. The very names of the Roman divisions show that the Teuton was then, as now, on both sides of the Rhine. The Rhine was, under Caesar, just as it was under the French Republic, so far as it was a frontier at all, a frontier between the independent German and the enslaved German. Coming down later, no claim to the Rhine frontier can be established from any precedent of Merovingian or Carolingian history. Modern France has nothing to do with either of the two dynasties of the German masters of Gaul. But, even if we turn history round, French fashion, we do not get a frontier of the Rhine, but a French dominion over Germany and Italy. The Rhine was not a boundary in the reign of Kings and Emperors who reigned on both sides of it. Even in the partitions of the Carolingian Empire, the Rhine frontier never appeared. The Empire was divided backwards and forwards, the frontiers of the Eastern and the Western Kingdom often fluctuated, but no one ever thought of laying down the great river as a permanent boundary between them. When, at length, modern France—Capetian, Parisian, Romance-speaking France—made her first distinct appearance in 987, the frontier of the Kingdom did not reach the Rhine at a single point. Nor did it ever reach it at any single moment from the days of Hugh Capet till the days of Louis the Fourteenth. The Rhine frontier is not an historical frontier, because, except during a few years of universal confusion, it never was the French frontier for a single moment. It is not a just or convenient frontier, because it contradicts every claim of language, every claim of nationality in any intelligible sense of the word. It is not a real physical boundary, because, if it had been, it would probably have become an historical boundary. If there be yet any other sense of the words "natural boundary," it is one quite beyond our understanding, and which we must leave to Imperial ingenuity to expound.

It is well that people should bear these things in mind. It would be well that people in general should look a little more into the facts of the case than they do. The very obscure history of the ninth and tenth centuries is just now a time the knowledge of which has become clothed with real practical importance. It is not that we ground any claim on such ancient and unfamiliar evidence. We simply rebut a claim which is very conveniently rested on misrepresentation of facts which few people have mastered. We rest no argument on the fact that things were in a certain state, that countries had certain boundaries, a thousand years back. We simply, when we see an utter misrepresentation of the state of things a thousand years ago put forth with an amazing flourish of trumpets as proving something about modern politics, do our best to show that the state of things a thousand years ago was something wholly different from what it is represented to have been. We do our best to show that, so far as events a thousand years ago can prove anything, it proves the exact contrary of what it is brought forward to prove. But one thing we unhesitatingly affirm—namely, that a French claim to the frontier of the Rhine is exactly as reasonable as a French claim to the frontier of the Elbe or the Vistula. The first Buonaparte did exactly as he pleased on the banks of all three rivers alike. That is the

whole amount of historical precedent which can ever be brought forward by the second Buonaparte for any frontier of the three. The Rhine, in its full extent from Basel to the Dutch canals and islands, never was the frontier of France save during a few unhappy years of general European confusion. Down to the great French aggression of the seventeenth century, the frontier of France never for a single moment coincided with a single inch of the course of the great Teutonic stream.

CUMBRIA.

THE Swiss corner of England is just now full, and will probably in a week or two be crowded, in another week or two crammed. There are already touching stories of a newly-wedded pair passing the honeymoon in a turnpike-man's hut, and hard-driven waiters are thinking of fitting up boat-houses for the temporary accommodation of single gentlemen. The popular style in which this district is known as "Cumberland" is so far a misnomer that three out of the four largest lakes, and one or two of the tallest mountains, lie in Westmoreland or in Lancashire. This is worth mentioning as one of those facts which are within everybody's reach, and yet which just elude the grasp of most people. The whole forms a very compact block of the picturesque in miniature. It contains, too, a fair amount of variety, and is now pierced on three sides by railways. The coast railway northwards by St. Bees, and that inland towards Carlisle, throw a loop right through its northern border at Keswick; while each sends off a branch terminating respectively close to Lakes Coniston and Windermere. The backbone of the district as regards lines of communication is, however, the coach road from Bowness on Windermere to Keswick on Derwentwater. From some point of this, lines of route easily diverge in every direction for pedestrians who can make or find their own way, and for others who, on wheels or horseback, must take what they find ready-made. On most of these roads there are, moreover, coaches once or twice a day, especially on those in the direction of the trains. The wonderful tendency of English scenery to keep its verdure in untarnished freshness has seldom been more conspicuous than this summer. In July some of the greens were still as bright as in spring, and on the whole it was still early summer as compared with the South of England. In short, the *flora* generally is a stage less forward than in the southern counties, and this *alienis mensibus æstas*—June reproduced in July—is a fascinating feature in itself. The proximity of this sequestered upland to the densest and busiest seats of industry in Lancashire and Yorkshire looks like a provision made by nature for the relief of the latter. Hence a very motley population supplies a considerable part of the visitors, especially at Windermere, the most easily accessible point by rail from the busy heart of England. Family groups of stamp unmistakable, with babies of large bulk, and in shawls, boots, and bonnets of a very pronounced type, may be seen swarming in the sun along the Bowness road, or heard discoursing in their own rough dialect, as they disembark from some big row-boat on the lake. The fastidious tourist will prefer standing on a mountain-top, and scanning them through his field-glass, to meeting them on the wayside or pier. Yet it surely ought to make one glad that they should be there, sniffing breezes of the mountain, in exchange for the workshop or the mill. In fact, the tourist himself who approaches these lakes and falls through the sooty land and smoke-bleared sky of coal and iron which borders them on the south will most keenly appreciate the contrast. It is like passing from the *Inferno* to the *Paradiso*. Of course, the further you go into the heart of the Lake district the sooner you shake off this factory population. Like sparks from the forge or blacks from the chimney, the "hands" have but a limited radius of flight. However, they see and feel and inhale enough to freshen them up, and, to judge from their exuberance of noise, to send them back in high good-humour.

There is, as we have said, considerable variety in the Lake region for one so limited. The opposite ends of Windermere itself are a fair example; the southern extremity sinking down into wooded slopes as the lake drains off into the river Leven, while on the northern some of the most noted and imposing, if not actually the highest, mountain masses—from the "Old Man" of Coniston and the Langdale Pikes on the north-west to Hill Bell and High Street on the north-east—range themselves before the eye, and spread their lofty map to bewilder rather than inform the tourist. We believe indeed that it would be quite possible to catch a cockney, or perhaps any one who has not a good eye for country, to drive him about round Windermere only from point to point, show him repeatedly, from different levels and on different sides, the same mountain groups and reaches of lake, bit by bit, and, cramming him well with all the names of the map, to persuade him that he had been all over what is known down south as "Cumberland." Certainly, if the weather favoured the experiment by being a little misty, the trick would be almost certain of success. At any rate, the evil of all others which is least to be apprehended in the Lake country is that of not seeing enough in the time. Facilities are so great, and hotel-keepers are so bent on letting their carriages and working their horses "through," that the eye sees a great deal more in a week than the mind has any chance of carrying away. The "canny" population from the great manufacturing seats have greatly contributed to this. Leeds, Hull, and Manchester contain wealthy capitalists who are fond—if they have a weakness—of getting the most for their money. A noble owner,

it is said, has just accommodated them by allowing ground for a large railway hotel amidst the very remains of Furness Abbey, his property. You can scent the *table d'hôte* from the site of the Benedictine refectory. We do not pretend to vouch for His Grace's share in the proceeding, but, from the way in which the hotel stands, with ruins on either hand, it looks like the truth. This is just what the manufacturing people like, and what they appreciate in a Duke is that he should meet them so frankly in exactly their own spirit. Photographs have made Furness as well known as other similar ruins by this time; but it is not every one who has the chance of seeing a youth, bearing the marks at once of fashion and of commerce, puffing a cigar, seated in the *sedilia* of the roofless abbey chancel, close to where the high altar must once have stood, "censing," in short, the once sacred area after a modern ritual. This of itself was worth going to see, and we deeply regret not to have had a camera at hand to have given permanence to the fact.

Perhaps the only ugly things in the Lake landscape are the churches. That of Grasmere, where reposes all that was mortal of William Wordsworth, is simply hideous. The new church of Ambleside is, by comparison, an exception; but the spire sits heavily on the mass of the building, and, although we believe it was an early effort from the hand of Mr. Gilbert Scott, it is far from being worthy of his present fame. A pretty rural scene, interesting from its simplicity and its antiquity, might have been witnessed on a Saturday in July at Grasmere Church. It is that known as the "rush-bearing," and is said to be derived from the primitive custom of strewing the church floor with rushes, in days when cocoa-matting was unknown. The day selected is at that time of the year when the rushes are fullest and tallest in stalk and flower. On this day the village children, with many of their parents, walk in procession, bearing crosses, rings, and other devices worked in rushes, to the church, where the ornaments remain for one or more Sundays, till they fade. What was once a thing of use thus survives merely as a simple ceremony of decoration. It seems to follow that in the early period the rushes were only changed once a year, suggesting a picture of ancestral manners on which we forbear further to dwell. However, to church they all go, and the village children get their annual holiday, uniting Divine worship with ancestral custom. We hope it may be long before the tradition dies out from the Grasmere shore.

Steamers, yachts, "gondolas," and a miscellaneous flotilla of row-boats are common to most of the larger lakes, though some of the craft, especially on Ulleswater, are decidedly Charon-looking, and do not tempt the cautious tourist. Fishing-tackle for those who wish can be had generally with the boat; and a good many, it seems, *do* wish. The fish, however, do not condescend to notice them much—an arrangement which provides for the amusement of one party, without any suffering to those principally concerned. The lake boatmen, it should be observed, seem ignorant of the rudimentary principles of rowing; nor, probably, can correct form be attained with their pivot-sculls and oars, which make "feathering" impossible. The London Rowing Club might advantageously hold a provincial retreat at Windermere, and diffuse the correct principles of their art. It is a pity to see fine broad-chested Lancashire men fumbling at their paddles like so many old women. As regards yachts, the first day or two of fine weather on board must be very nice; but there comes the day after, and the day after that, and you see still the same hills, coves, and reaches. It is still the same round and round, and to and fro. The Windermere yachtsman cannot even get to Coniston water for a change, nor of course *vice versa*. He goes boring on more pitifully than the "Flying Dutchman," and cannot even view open water. The only relief within easy reach, we should think, is to cast anchor and climb a few peaks, or "pikes" as the vernacular has it. There, among the sweet-smelling mountain fern, with the fresh mountain breeze filling the sky, and a paradise below you, at all imaginable elevations up to three thousand feet, the sense of water-weariness might be successfully combated.

Of guide-books to assist the tourist there is good store. Black's, Miss Martineau's, and another for pedestrians especially, by "A Cambridge Man," are those which until recently have chiefly met our notice. The latter is, for its own purposes, compactly adequate, and all travellers may find assistance in the good supply of maps which it contains, giving the region in detail round each chief centre of interest. Miss Martineau's bears the marks of the hand which wrote it, but it is not overdone with science. Black's is perhaps hitherto the most popular, and justly so, although somewhat large and cumbersome, on account of the outline profiles of leading groups of heights as they appear to the eye. We reserve the excellent and fully-informed handbook, lately put forth by Mr. Murray, for the last place of mention, not as being last in merit, but simply in date. It might take a hint from the Cantab, and be more liberal in smaller maps. The two which it gives are excellent; but we need sketch maps in the page itself for complete convenience, showing just the mountain with its adjacent valleys of which the text is treating at the moment. A number of skeleton tours will be found in a few early pages, which will greatly assist the traveller in that first requisite nowadays—the economy of his time. The history, antiquities, and social aspect of the country are made to dress the picture without overloading it. The few inscriptions and quaint epitaphs which mark certain sites are well remembered, whilst the page blooms with choice flowers of poetry from all the bards who have worshipped nature in these high places. The chapter on geology is rather meagre, and might perhaps be improved by illustrations from other similar

fields of glacial action, as, for instance, Switzerland. There the glaciers still exist and are at work. Here the agent is gone and the work complete. A very few lines, too, might be added at each principal site in the body of the work, to give its geology the same advantage which is given to its botany. We do not see why the rarer plants on Skiddaw, for instance, should be given by name, p. 52, and the geological structure dismissed with such loose observations as the following:—"The mountain is supposed to have been once loftier than it now is, and from the character of the rock it is probable that it must have been so. The storms and frosts of winter must produce disintegration wherever the surface of so friable a rock is exposed." This certainly reads as if the writer did not know much about the matter. Probably, as is hinted in the introduction, when the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom has extended to include these counties, such omissions as those now referred to may be filled in. As a whole, however, this little book is executed with punctilious regard to every want of the tourist. The man who takes merely a fortnight's sport may here learn how best to improve his opportunities, whilst he who has months at his command may find wherewith to fill them up to the best advantage.

REVIEWS.

HOBBS'S LEVIATHAN.*

ABOUT a year ago we made some observations on Hobbes's *Treatise on Government*, which contains, in their earliest and stiffest form, his theory of the conditions of stable equilibrium in the body politic. Assuming that all change is to be regarded as an evil, and that permanent tranquillity is the very essence of a political society and the great object for which it exists, he investigates the inferences which are to be drawn from this principle. The *Leviathan* covers a much wider space. It discusses not merely the principles of government, but those of human nature on which government is founded, as well as those of religion. It also contains, under the quaint title of the "Kingdom of Darkness," a treatise on the principal forms of error, which is perhaps the most curious part of the book. The *Leviathan*, in short, is Hobbes's general system, and includes the result of all his previous works on politics, human nature, and metaphysics.

It was published when he was sixty-three years old, eleven years after the book upon Government. It is thus one of the ripest, the most complete, and the most perfectly well-written books of the sort in the whole range of literature. Hardly any *magnum opus* of the speculative kind has been so maturely weighed, so completely thought out, and so deliberately fashioned to express in every point the whole mind of its author. For these reasons it is much to be preferred to the earlier works. There is less of that mathematical stiffness about it which makes the work on Government such hard reading; and the liveliness of the style, produced by continual thought and the rejection of everything that on mature consideration appeared superfluous, is wonderful in itself, and carries the reader on with singularly little effort. There is only one peculiarity about it which gives it an archaic character. This is its quaint wit, which frequently recalls Hobbes's master, Bacon. Take, for instance, the following consolation under the necessary evils of government:—

All men are by nature provided of notable multiplying glasses, that is, their passions and self-love, through which every little payment appeareth a great grievance; but are destitute of those prospective glasses, namely, moral and civil science, to see afar off the miseries which hang over them, and cannot without such payments be avoided.

The following, though less pleasant, is wonderfully quaint:—

Another infirmity of a commonwealth is . . . the great number of corporations, which are, as it were, so many lesser commonwealths in the bowels of a greater, like worms in the entrails of a natural man. To which may be added the liberty of disputing against absolute power by pretenders to political prudence, which, though bred for the most part in the loes of the people, yet, animated by false doctrines, are perpetually meddling with the fundamental laws, to the molestation of the commonwealth, like the little worms which the physicians call ascarides.

Hobbes's whole object being to trace out the resemblance of the State to the individual, there is a singular felicity in finding such an unsavoury comparison for the special objects of his animosity.

Apart from its style, and even from its substance, the *Leviathan* has a claim to notice on account of its position in the history of speculation. When it was written, Hobbes had before his eyes hardly any modern authorities who had treated the subject from any other than a scholastic point of view, like Suarez, or from one more or less technically theological, like Hooker and Bellarmine. Bodin and Grotius had indeed handled kindred topics in what may be called a comparatively modern spirit, but, for reasons upon which we cannot now enter, their writings were not likely to be of much use to Hobbes. Hobbes, however, was pre-eminently the man of his age. The task of his life was to apply to human nature and to religion the methods which had been devised, not by Bacon only, but by many other persons of equal or superior merit, whose united achievement is symbolized to us in England by Bacon's fame. The distinctive feature of the book is its intensely modern spirit—a spirit which Hobbes no doubt imbibed to a great extent during his long residence on the Continent, and which the peculiar circumstances of his age enabled him to

express in England with far greater freedom than was then, or for some time afterwards, accessible in other parts of the world. The book, however, cannot be read with intelligence without perceiving how many spirits in prison there must have been in the first half of the seventeenth century who utterly rebelled against the religion and philosophy of their time, and especially against the "Church philosophy," as Hobbes calls the technical divinity then current.

The *Leviathan* is divided into four parts. The first treats of Man, the second of a Commonwealth, the third of a Christian commonwealth, and the last of "the Kingdom of Darkness." We will try to give such an account as can be given in a reasonable compass of this astonishing work, the greatness of which must grow upon every diligent student of it in proportion to the time which he gives to its study. We hope, in a subsequent article, to notice Hobbes's minor works, and we reserve till then the few observations which we shall think it necessary to add on the deficiencies of this system. These are more apparent in his reflections on historical facts than in his abstract inquiries. His first book is on Man, and his style is so firm, so clear, and so beautifully compact that a very good idea of it can be given by extracting and collecting its cardinal propositions. Going to the beginning of things at once, he sets out with an inquiry into the nature of thought:—

Concerning the thoughts of man I will consider them first singly, and afterwards in train or dependence upon one another. Singly they are every one a representation or appearance of some quality or other accident of a body without us, which object worketh on the eyes, ears, and other parts of a man's body; and by diversity of working produceth diversity of appearance. The original of them all is that which we call sense.

Thoughts thus originate in sense, and raise images:—

After the object is removed or the eye shut we still retain an image of the thing seen, though more obscure than when we see it. . . . This decaying sense when we would express the thing itself, I mean fancy itself, we call imagination . . . but when we would express the decay, and signify that the sense is fading, old, and past, it is called memory.

So much for thoughts considered singly. As for thoughts considered "in train or dependence upon one another," they are of two kinds. In some cases the train of our thoughts is "unguided, without design," yet even then there is a real, though generally an unperceived, connection of ideas. Hobbes illustrates this by the man who, talking of the civil wars, asked the value of a Roman penny—the connecting links being Judas's thirty pieces of silver, and the sale of Charles I. by the Scotch. Hobbes, we believe, was the first person who attached anything like its true importance to the association of ideas thus exemplified, or who advanced the doctrine which has steadily made its way since his time—though even now it is hardly ever realized to its full extent—that reasoning is only a case of it. This, however, is distinctly his doctrine, for he adds that "the second" sort of mental discourse "is more constant, as being regulated by some desire or design":—

From desire ariseth the thought of some means we have seen produce the like of that which we aim at; and from the thought of that the thought of means to that mean, and so continually till we come to some beginning within our own power.

This, he says, is common to man and beast; but to reverse the process, "when, imagining anything whatsoever, we seek all the possible effects that can by it be produced," is peculiar to man. There is more to be learnt from this observation than from acres of Coleridge's argumentations about reason and understanding. With his wonted terseness Hobbes sums up his psychology in two lines. "Besides sense and thoughts and the train of thoughts, the mind of man has no other motion."

From this analysis of thought, which reduces it to systematized imagination, Hobbes passes to the consideration of language, the external symbol of thought. His chapters on this subject appear to us the most remarkable in his whole book. Both the thought and the style are so close and profound that it is impossible to abridge them, but a general notion of them may be given shortly as follows:—Words are the names of mental images which they serve to recall. If, and in so far as, the mental image is clearly discerned, the word which produces it is intelligible, and may be understood, for understanding "is conception caused by speech." Of these words many are ambiguous, because the images excited by them in the minds of different men are themselves different. "One man calleth wisdom what another calleth fear"; "one cruelty, what another justice," &c. (This anticipates Bentham's famous distinction about eulogistic and dyslogistic terms.) Reasoning is the addition or subtraction of words—their combination, that is, in complex images more or less varied according to the words used. "Reason is nothing but reckoning, that is, adding and subtracting of the consequences of general names," ascertaining how they modify the mental images which they affect. The great source of error is the use of words which are either insignificant or raise an image not fully representing the thing imagined. "Words whereby we conceive nothing but the sound are those we call absurd, insignificant, and nonsense." Man is the only animal which reasons, but "this privilege is alloyed by another, and that is by the privilege of absurdity." Men alone are misled by fallacies. When we have "a knowledge of all the consequences of names appertaining to the subject in hand, that is it which men call science." Hobbes, upon the whole, conceives of science as a collection of general imaginations as to the ways in which things happen, denoted by words which call them up distinctly, and so as to be apprehended in their application to the causes and effects of particular facts.

Having thus considered man as capable of knowledge, Hobbes

* *Leviathan; or the Matter and Form of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil.* By Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury. (Vol. III. of Sir William Molesworth's Edition of Hobbes's Works.)

passes to the consideration of him as capable of action. Here, again, he sets out with the imagination, which "is the first internal beginning of all voluntary motion." Some imaginations being pleasing and others displeasing, the first dispose us to move towards the object imagined, the others from it. Desire and aversion signify our disposition towards an absent object, and love and hate our disposition towards the same object when present. Objects of desire are beautiful, pleasant, or useful, according as we contemplate, enjoy, or seek them, and in the same way objects of aversion are hateful, unpleasant, or obstructive. He resolves all the passions in this way into cases of desire or aversion for particular things, and there is no part of his work in which his genius is more profusely displayed. A single specimen will show the beauty and force of his thoughts on this subject. "Love of one singularly, with desire to be singularly beloved—the PASSION OF LOVE. The same, with fear that the love is not mutual, JEALOUSY." Was there ever a more perfect or a shorter definition? Many of these definitions have given much offence; for instance—

Fear of power invisible, feigned by the mind or imagined from tales publicly allowed, RELIGION; not allowed, SUPERSTITION. And when the power imagined is truly such as we imagine, TRUE RELIGION.

The definition, after all, errs only by defect; substitute for "fear" "affections towards," and it becomes as nearly true as any such definition can be. The passions end in action:—

When in the mind of man appetites and aversions, hopes and fears concerning one and the same thing, arise alternately; and divers good and evil consequences of the doing or omitting the thing propounded come successively into our thoughts, so that sometimes we have an appetite to it, sometimes an aversion from it, sometimes hope to be able to do it, sometimes despair or fear to attempt it; the whole sum of desires, aversions, hopes, and fears, continued till the thing be either done or thought impossible, is that we call Deliberation.

This is the foundation of the famous definition of the Will. "Will is the last appetite in deliberating."

This analysis of the passions is followed by an analysis of the states of mind in which mental discourse may end, such as judgment, doubt, science, opinion, conscience, and faith. His account of conscience is the most remarkable. Conscience, he says, properly means the knowledge by more persons than one of the same fact; and inasmuch as a fact known by several persons must be very sure, it is wrong to speak against it, or persuade others to do so:—

Afterwards men made use of the same word metaphorically for the knowledge of their own secret facts and secret thoughts. . . . And last of all, men vehemently in love with their own new opinions, though never so absurd, and obstinately bent to maintain them, gave those their opinions also that revered name of conscience, as if they would have it seem unlawful to change or speak against them.

After some chapters of less importance, Hobbes proceeds to the subject of morals, or, as he prefers to call them, manners, and his treatment of this is the most characteristic part of his book. According to his invariable method he treats the whole question as one of fact, applying himself to determine what in fact is the end of morality, the object of human wishes. It is in relation to this matter that he is led into what is usually considered as his greatest paradox. "In the first place I put for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power that ceaseth only in death." In order to understand this, it is necessary to understand what Hobbes meant by power, for he uses the word in a technical sense, and this fact is generally overlooked. "The power of a man, to take it universally, is his present means to obtain some future apparent good." Elsewhere he says:—

There is no such *finis ultimus*, utmost aim, nor *summum bonum*, greatest good, as is spoken of in the books of the old moral philosophers. Nor can a man any more live whose desires are at an end, than he whose senses and imagination are at a stand. Felicity is a continual progress of the desire from one object to another.

The universal desire of power is only a name for this continual striving. Neither his critics nor Hobbes himself always bear this in mind. So great a writer as Butler appears to us to have misunderstood him completely on this point, and there are no doubt passages in the *Leviathan* in which the word "power" is used without reference to the general definition of it just quoted.

Such is Hobbes's conception of men considered as individuals, and he argues from this that their natural state is a state of war, each against all the rest. Inhuman as this sounds, it means no more than that, if all society, all religion, all law, and all morals were taken away, universal anarchy would prevail; for religion, law, morals, and all the other relations of society are, as Hobbes himself teaches, produced by men's sense of the misery of that state of war which would exist without them. The step from the one state to the other in his theory is the perception of the laws of nature, which he investigates at length, and finally defines as follows:—

These dictates of reason men use to call by the name of laws, but improperly; for they are but conclusions or theorems concerning what conduceth to the conservation and defence of themselves; whereas law properly is the word of him that by right hath command over others.

The laws of nature are, according to Hobbes, the terms upon which a compromise between the conflicting desires of different men can practically be made.

From this conception of human nature he proceeds to discuss the nature of the commonwealth, "that great Leviathan, or rather, to speak more reverently, that mortal God to which we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defence." We have on a former occasion described his views on this subject, and it is

therefore unnecessary on the present occasion to do more than refer to them in a very summary manner. The commonwealth, or Leviathan, is with him the ideal sovereign who is, and by the nature of things always must be, the supreme disposer of coercive power. Change its character and form as you will, the thing itself will always remain, just as there will always be a centre of gravity in every mass of matter. This is the central idea of the whole book, and the rest of it may be considered as little more than an examination of the ways in which the coercive sanction may be applied. It can, for instance, regulate all conduct. It can regulate the expression of opinion; it can regulate all external processes of education and the like, by which opinion is formed; but, except to this extent, it cannot reach the thoughts of men's hearts. These, indeed, are beyond all coercive authority whatever, even that of God himself. Hobbes expressly says, in speaking of Revelation:—

We are bidden to captivate our understanding by the words, but by the captivity of our understanding is not meant a submission of the intellectual faculty to the opinion of any other man, but of the will to obedience where obedience is due. For sense, memory, understanding, reason, and opinion are not in our power to change, but always and necessarily such as the things we see, hear, and consider suggest unto us, and therefore are not effects of our will, but our will of them. We then captivate our understanding and reason when we forbear contradiction, when we so speak as by lawful authority we are commanded, and when we live accordingly, which in sum is trust and faith reposed in him that speaketh, though the mind be incapable of any notion at all from the words spoken.

By this remarkable device Hobbes reconciled the utmost latitude of private opinion with the strongest theories as to sovereign power over opinions. It is obvious, from many other passages, that he not only highly valued this freedom, but wished to see it protected by what he regarded as the only sure shield for it, the natural indifference of the civil power to controversies which do not disturb the peace. After writing the history of the decline of the power of the Popes, the Bishops, and the Presbyterians, he says:—

And so we are reduced to the independency of the primitive Christians to follow Paul, or Cephas, or Apollo, every man as he liketh best; which if it be without contention . . . is perhaps the best.

After describing at length the conditions of political equilibrium, Hobbes proceeds to consider how they are affected by Christianity. His speculation on this subject is perhaps the most famous part of the whole book. It may be described in a few words as the earliest and one of the most complete specimens of rationalism to be found in literature. The general effect of it is to reduce Christianity to the position of a supernatural sanction to natural morality, without in any way contesting the truth of the Bible, which he assumes to be the exclusive receptacle of the Christian religion. This is well pointed out by Warburton in a note to Book I. chap v. of the *Alliance*:—

Hobbes [he says] is commonly supposed to be an enemy to all religion, especially the Christian. But it is observable that in his attacks upon it (if at least he intended his chapter of the Christian Commonwealth, in the *Leviathan*, for an attack) he has taken direct contrary measures to those of Bayle, Collins, Tyndal, Bolingbroke, and all the other writers against Revelation. They endeavoured to show the Gospel system as unreasonable as their extreme malice could make it, he as reasonable as his admirable wit could represent it.

It must be recollected that in Hobbes's day, and indeed long afterwards, every one rationalized—Bossuet and Bellarmine as much as Hobbes or Jeremy Taylor. Admit that all truth upon the greatest subjects of human inquiry is somehow or other to be extracted from the Bible, and, whatever may be your system, you will have to treat the Bible in the strangest way before you can "prove" it. Hobbes adapts the Bible to his general purposes with supreme ingenuity, and a great deal of what he says is quite true, though it ought to be connected with many other truths. Christianity embarrassed him thus:—If God has established a divine society and a divine system of morality, how can the civil ruler be supreme, and how can the rules thus laid down fail to override all human laws? The principal devices by which he avoids this difficulty are the following. He admits that "it is madness" to obey the civil power at the expense of damnation. What then, he asks, is necessary to salvation? He answers, two things—faith and obedience. Faith that Jesus is the Christ is what all Christian sovereigns admit in various forms, though infidel Powers deny it. Under Christian Powers, therefore, no difficulty arises. Under infidel Powers, the precedent of Naaman, who bowed down to Rimmon but worshipped the true God in his heart, may safely be followed. As to obedience, Christianity is not a system of laws but of counsels, one of which is to obey the laws to which we are subject, which are the law of nature as interpreted by the sovereign of our country. As to the clergy, they are only advisers, and in no sense rulers. Their only power is that of excommunication, which, when you analyse it, means no more than the power of expressing disapproval. It is easy to understand how, by the proper use of these principles, and by interpreting the language of the Bible according to his own view, Hobbes was able to give to his whole system an air of orthodoxy to which it is on the whole as well entitled as many other systems which have a much more orthodox reputation.

The last book, on the "Kingdom of Darkness," is an examination of the various deceptions and superstitions by which men have been ruled. Amongst these Hobbes reckons up the prerogatives of the Pope and his clergy, belief in ghosts and devils, the belief in scholastic philosophy, belief in the doctrine of eternal punishments (he urges nearly all the modified interpretations of the texts on this subject so well known in

our day, and protests against the cruelty of the common doctrine, belief in Aristotle's doctrine "that not men but law governs," and a variety of other beliefs which he regarded as injurious. The chapter ends with an elaborate comparison "of the Papacy with the kingdom of fairies." There is not to be found in all English literature a stranger performance than this chapter. The most profound philosophy, the most singular shrewdness, the strangest freaks of grotesque humour, almost prophetic anticipations of the course of subsequent thought, are all connected together by a framework the conception of which is so quaint that there is a difficulty in understanding how it came to be written in sober earnest. To give specimens of these characteristics would swell our article to an unconscionable length; but the following references may be worth notice. As an instance of profundity, take chapter xlv., on Scholastic Metaphysics. Passages at pp. 677-8 of Vol. III. of Sir W. Molesworth's edition afford an admirable specimen of humour, and of anticipation of the course of modern thought. As for shrewdness, at p. 663 there is a passage about the Romish and Pagan ceremonial which anticipates Middleton's famous tract; and as for grotesqueness, the passage about the kingdom of the fairies (697-700) might have come bodily out of the *Sapientia Veterum* or Fuller.

These few remarks are enough to give a sort of notion of one of the greatest of all books, and the very oddest of all great books in English literature; but nothing but careful and repeated study of the book itself can give a true conception of its magnitude, or of the richness of the "admirable wit" which produced it.

GREAT YARMOUTH AND LOWESTOFT.*

THIS long title ushers in a thick volume. Seven hundred and twenty-seven pages are a large allowance indeed for a "Hand-book." The truth is that Mr. Nall has confounded the three wholly distinct ideas of a hand-book, a local history—not a county history, because the district which is illustrated takes in parts of two counties and the whole of neither—and lastly, an essay on the local philology wound up with a local glossary. All these things, if well done, are very good things in their way, and it is plain that the range of Mr. Nall's studies is wider than that of the average of local inquirers. But they are eminently things which ought to be kept separate. The virtue of a Handbook is shortness combined with fulness. A Handbook should give results, and, at most, references; discussion is altogether out of place. A notice of the local dialect is as much in place as a notice of the local geology, natural history, architecture, or anything else; but an examination into first principles on any of these subjects is no part of the business of a Handbook. Mr. Nall would have done quite right by giving in his Handbook a summary of any peculiarities in the dialect of Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and the neighbouring district. But he gives us an elaborate essay of eighty pages, setting forth all his notions about the origin and history of the English tongue from the very beginning of things, backed up by endless quotations from all manner of writers illustrious and obscure. All this, we at once feel, whether it is well or ill done, is utterly out of place. It makes the Handbook so big that to hold it becomes a labour for the hand. It involves the use of a print so small that to read it is a labour for the eye. And yet we infer from the Introduction that the book exists in three forms, and that the copy before us belongs to the smallest type of the three:—

As it was impossible to condense every noteworthy incident of the ancient records of Yarmouth within the narrow limits of a guide book—two editions have been prepared, the cheaper for visitors, the enlarged edition with plates, more especially for the resident inhabitants. This last has an appendix of the more important charters and public documents of Yarmouth, its criminal records, biographical notices of its chief worthies, extracts from its scarce fugitive literature, and notes on the dialect, agriculture, and natural history of the district. A few copies have been printed on large paper for illustration, and contain photographs from old prints of the locality.

The visitors then, ourselves very properly included, are confined to "the narrow limits of a guide book," and within those narrow limits get seven hundred and twenty-seven pages closely printed. We can only suppose that the resident inhabitants who are favoured with the enlarged editions are set down to a book as big as one of Mr. Brewer's volumes of Henry the Eighth.

Great Yarmouth is just now one of the most familiar names in Great Britain. But the aspect in which it is just now most familiar is precisely that about which Mr. Nall has least to tell us. His "Parliamentary Notes" are very short indeed, and present a remarkable contrast to the length at which he treats every other phase of Yarmouth history. He winds up indeed with regretting "the extreme severity of party politics in the borough"; by which we conceive that he means something quite different from any special severity of political virtue on the part of the electors. We will therefore take Yarmouth from some other points of view—the ecclesiastical, for instance, and, as Mr. Nall gives it such special prominence, the philological. Yarmouth church is remarkable in many ways. If we look at it as a parochial church, it is remarkable for its enormous size; if we look at it as a monastic church, it is remarkable for the utter absence, in a church on so vast a scale, of anything of the par-

ticular character of a minster; in either case, it is remarkable for several singularities of arrangement, especially for its narrow nave, with an aisle on each side much wider than itself. We know of few churches which more forcibly give the impression of mere size, perhaps all the more so from the very absence of those arrangements which are characteristic of cathedral and monastic churches and which the scale of Yarmouth church leads one to expect. And yet, huge as the church is, it was once bigger, and it was designed to be bigger still. Mr. Nall tells us that in the last century the choir was shortened by ten feet. The building destroyed was most likely a projecting sacristy, which may have been either of the full height of the choir or lower. That it was something of this kind is shown by the doors of the reredos of the high altar being still distinctly to be seen in the present east wall. At the west end an addition, seemingly a sort of western transept, was begun in the fourteenth century, but was discontinued, we are told, because of the Black Death. This was to be the work of the young men of the parish, and was to be called the Bachelors' Aisle. Another remarkable thing is the position of the monastic buildings. For the church was monastic as well as parochial, being a cell to the Priory of Norwich Cathedral. Now, in most churches which are at once monastic and parochial, the monastic buildings occupy the same position which they do in a purely monastic church. The refectory—in a Benedictine house at least—occupies its usual place parallel to the nave, and is connected with it by the cloister. But, here at Yarmouth, a building which seems clearly to have been the refectory is parallel, not to the nave, but to the choir. This looks as if the nave was held to be so exclusively a possession of the parishioners that the monks were not even allowed to connect it with their own buildings; they were therefore obliged to treat the choir as their whole church, and, Mr. Nall tells us, to connect the choir with the refectory by a cloister—a most singular arrangement. We do not however remember any signs of a cloister strictly so called—that is, a regular square—though there may have been a passage of some irregular shape, such as is sometimes seen in secular churches. Mr. Nall's description of the buildings is decidedly unscientific, and does not help us out much.

From the ecclesiastical department the transition is, at Yarmouth at least, easy to the municipal. The conscript fathers of the borough were lodged with all becoming reverence within the walls of the church. Mr. Nall quotes a wonderful description from Manship, a local writer of the reign of Elizabeth. This worthy was town-clerk, and he felt as a town-clerk should feel towards bailiffs, aldermen, and common councillors. He "cannot express in words the excellency of the method of those great constitutions and orders, ordained for order and comeliness in that church, according to the use of the same observed." We presently get a little clearer insight into the "excellency of the method," which otherwise we might have some difficulty in understanding:—

For, first, the bailiffs and aldermen their brethren, to the end that they, as those to whom the rule of the people is committed, may the better behold the demeanour of the whole congregation there assembled, be mounted on a gallery, six feet above the residue, on the south side of the church aforesaid, which doth contain in length from east to west, 50 feet; whose wives be seated directly before them, in a neat chapel made for that purpose. In the next rank or class before them, in one large and spacious room, which doth contain in length from east to west 65 feet, be those eight-and-forty which be of the Common Council, placed every one according to his election of incoming, except those eight Constables taken out of that number, who do sit in two several rooms, to be ready by themselves when any sudden accident happeneth; every one of these enjoying the sight of his own wife, who directly sitteth also before him.

We should gather from this account that they sat in the nave, but another extract from the same writer seems to place them in the choir, where "one minister read to them the lessons of the day, while another did the like to the congregation in the body of the church." What follows is yet more curious. The custom for the clergy and choir to kneel before the chancel door was at Yarmouth extended to the corporation:—

At the time of the litany the whole of the four-and-twenties and eight-and-forties repaired to the body of the church in the middle aisle, there humbly kneeling and devoutly praying till the same were ended. Then did the said twenty-four go to their place in a gallery built on the south side of the said church for that purpose, the one half ascending at the East, the other half at the West, the bailiffs sitting in the midst among them; so did in like manner the chamberlains amongst the forty-eight. But long since the seats of either of them be changed, and both the bailiffs in the one and the chamberlains in the other be very comely and magnificently placed at the east end, above the residue.

We have some difficulty in reconciling all these accounts; but in any case we cannot enough admire the arrangements made for the conjugal happiness of the Yarmouth senators. During the Litany the case was perhaps otherwise, for we read nothing of any change of place on the part of the ladies, and moreover, we are expressly told that, during that part of the service, even aldermen and common councillors "devoutly prayed." But, during all the remainder of divine worship, every one of them "enjoyed the sight of his own wife." To be sure it must have been a grave and aldermanlike kind of enjoyment, as at most they could only have seen the ladies' backs. Anyhow it is a comfort to learn that each man found his enjoyment in the sight of the back of his own wife, and not in that of the wife of his neighbour. We wish also to know whether it always happened that each man had a wife to enjoy the sight of. Are we to infer that no bachelor was ever chosen to any place in the Yarmouth magistracy, and that a widower was at once expelled from office? If so, one would

* *Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft, a Handbook for Visitors and Residents; with Chapters on the Archaeology, Natural History, &c., of the District; a History, with Statistics, of the East Coast Herring Fishery, and an Etymological and Comparative Glossary of the Dialect of East Anglia.* By John Greaves Nall. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

suppose that to be the wife of a Yarmouth alderman must have ensured as tender treatment as to be the wife of a Greek priest, whose loss, when it once happens, is, like that of a godmother, irreparable. On this theory, the enjoyment to be drawn from the sight even of one's wife's back becomes fully intelligible.

Mr. Nall takes us on excursions to several places of great interest in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth, as the grand Roman remain of Burgh Castle, Caister, the work of Sir John Fastolf, the hero of the herrings, and, whether a good soldier or not, at any rate a munificent benefactor of religion, learning, and the public good in every form. He even goes as far as Cromer, with its grand Perpendicular tower and ruined choir. But the range of remarkable buildings scattered along the whole coast from Cromer to Lynn are naturally beyond Mr. Nall. He then goes into Suffolk, to Lowestoft with its noble Perpendicular church, to Dunwich, the submerged Bishopric, and Beccles with its detached campanile. He then winds up with a short glance at Norwich itself. We cannot help suspecting that the noble Cathedral of this city is popularly undervalued, perhaps on account of its very poor west front. But the tower, the spire, the massive Romanesque nave, and the superb apse, all claim for it a place in the first rank of English churches. The poverty of the west front is singular, especially as there is, as far as we remember, no sign of destroyed Norman towers, as at Gloucester and St. Albans. And to those who study the peculiarities of the different religious orders, few buildings are more interesting than the fine Friars' Church, now cut in half, its nave forming what is called St. Andrew's Hall, and its choir, in theory the Dutch Church, like Austin Friars in London, but practically the chapel of the Union Workhouse.

Lastly, we come to Mr. Nall's philology. His Glossary is full; but it is, like every local Glossary that we ever saw, not free from the fault of putting down as local characteristics, words and forms which are not peculiar to East-Anglia at all, but common to East-Anglia with other parts of England. At the same time it contains an unusual number of words which appear to be really local. From Mr. Nall's long essay on the East-Anglian dialect, or more truly on the English language in general, we fairly shrink. It is overdone in every way. Yet it shows that he has at least worked very hard. And we cannot bring against him in its fulness the charge which we commonly have to bring against second and third-rate writers on these matters. Mr. Nall seems to have made no use of Dr. Guest's later and more important labours, but he at least knows his name, and refers to his early work on English Rhythms. But we are not sure that he knows that Dr. Guest is a greater man than Mr. Isaac Taylor, "whose *Words and Places*, 1864, forms an epoch in English topographical research," or even than Mr. Kingsley, whom he stops seriously to argue against. To the Cambridge Professor he does a perhaps unintentional service by correcting his bull of "Hereward the Last of the English," into the somewhat less absurd, because less obviously self-contradictory, "Last of the Saxons." More oddly still, Mr. Hingeston, the glory of Cornwall, is translated to the opposite coast of the island, and becomes, in Mr. Nall's pages, "a Norfolk antiquary." In truth, Mr. Nall, though he largely quotes Professor Müller, is essentially "pre-scientific." It is wearisome to go through the same old story about Britons, Romans, Angles, Saxons, Danes, Frisians, and what not, unless in company with a writer who can either give us some new facts or else put the old ones in a new light. The scientific way of putting things is, after all, if people would only believe it, the simplest way, and, whatever real information there is in Mr. Nall's lengthy essay—we say "lengthy" advisedly, and not in the reporters' sense, because length is the main characteristic of the essay—could have been got by a scientific writer into a very short compass. And, after all, as we started by saying, a history of the English language, good or bad, is out of place in a guide-book to Yarmouth and Lowestoft. Still we can forgive Mr. Nall a good deal for the sake of a pithy and altogether capital sentence:—

To read much of the divinity of the Stuart period, Puritan and Anglican both, the principal change effected in public worship appears to have been the replacing by an English ritual and a prolix Latinized discourse, the Latin ritual, and a sermon in the vulgar tongue of the elder church.

OPERATIONS OF WAR.* (Second Notice.)

THE necessity of a secure base of operations for an army is illustrated by Colonel Hamley by reference to the campaign of Talavera. The Duke of Wellington entered Spain relying on the promises of the Spanish Government to provide subsistence and transport for his army. Yet, although victorious, he was crippled for want of food and forage, and was ultimately obliged to march his army back to Portugal. "If," said the Duke, "we had had 60,000 British troops instead of 20,000, in all probability we should not have got to Talavera; and if we had got there, we could not have gone further." Again he says, in reference to the same campaign, "If we could have fed our horses, we might have struck a brilliant blow on Soult." The fortified line of magazines constituting the base of operations being formed, it is indispensable to a sustained and dubious enterprise that good roads should exist between the magazines and

the army as it moves away from its base. And not only must the roads be good, but they must be great main arteries of the region, solidly constructed. The trains that follow an army, laden as they are with ammunition, pontoons, platforms for guns, siege artillery, and other ponderous materials, soon destroy all but the best roads. In order, then, that the enormous stream of supply may be uninterrupted, it is necessary that the roads should be of the best construction, like our own highways and the great paved chaussées of the Continent. Our own experience in the Crimea shows that even seven miles of soft soil interposed in winter between an army and its depôts may be an almost fatal obstacle. But it is not only on account of the supplies that great armies operate by great roads. It is also because the march of the troops and artillery becomes on bad roads so slow and uncertain that all the calculations on which a general bases a combined operation are liable to be falsified. A reader of military history should acquire the habit of thinking of an army, not as capable of being moved anywhere in the theatre of war, but as dependent for its efficiency on a line connecting it with points in its rear—the line being a good and practicable road, and the points secure magazines. It is easy to understand that a defending army must be distributed on many roads. Thus the armies of Wellington and Blücher in 1815 occupied all the roads by which the enemy could assail Brussels. The reason why an invading army operates by many roads may be perceived by considering that, if Napoleon's army had entered Belgium by one road instead of three, its line of march would have been forty-one miles long. An army moving thus would lay itself open to defeat by an inferior force, which might crush the head of the column before the rear could arrive at the point of action. As the different portions of an army on the defensive must unite as quickly as possible on the line by which the enemy advances, it is indispensable that there should be good lateral roads by which they can readily approach each other. It may be laid down as a fundamental principle of modern war that armies are dependent on their magazines. After quoting from the Archduke Charles a plan for disposition of magazines for a campaign in Germany, Colonel Hamley says:—"From this elaborate arrangement, we see how much of a general's time and thoughts must be occupied with matters which are quite cast into the shade by his marches and battles, but without which his marches and battles would be impossible." It is true that the ultra-methodical system of campaigning was greatly innovated upon by the armies "half-clad, half-fed, half-armed, but filled with valour, intelligence, and zeal," which were poured forth by revolutionary France. But their system of requisition, by which they supplied the want of magazines, was evidently only applicable to hostile countries. Napoleon made the utmost use of the material thus formed to his hand. He took command of armies skilful in the art of plundering, disciplined, and intelligent; but no general was ever more careful than Napoleon in accumulating great magazines and in protecting his communications. The truth seems to be that under his system magazines were ultimately indispensable, but still his armies had far more mobility than those of former wars. We may perhaps show the limit of the application of his system by observing that the French sometimes managed to subsist in Spain without money and among enemies, where our army starved, having money and being among those who were called friends; but nevertheless the French were finally driven out of Spain.

This subject of magazines and communications requires to be strongly dwelt upon, because it is essential to any solid superstructure of military theory. "Perhaps," says Colonel Hamley, "no situation is more pitiable than that of a commander who has allowed an enemy to sever his communications." In treating of the selection of the object of a campaign, our author explains the importance of occupying an enemy's capital:—"As all great roads meet there, as it is the centre of trade, the focus of wealth and of civilization, and the seat of government, its occupation by an enemy is so ruinous that any terms he may impose will generally be less pernicious than his presence." If it be objected that Napoleon, by occupying Madrid, made little progress towards conquering Spain, we would answer that Spain was an exceptional country, of which we might almost venture to say that its capital was the focus of nothing but of bull-fighting. The choice of a line of operation is guided by various considerations. Colonel Hamley takes as an example the campaign of Marengo, by which the Austrians were driven from the north of Italy. They were besieging Genoa; they were endeavouring to force their way into France across the Var, and they occupied the passes of the Alps. Their lines of communication with the Quadrilateral passed necessarily between Milan and Piacenza, and the object of Napoleon was the space between those two cities. If he had advanced south of the Apennines towards Genoa, or between the Apennines and the Po, he would, if victorious, have only driven the Austrians along their proper line of retreat. But by descending into the region north of the Po, he was able to seize Milan and occupy the road to Piacenza. The Austrians were thus forced to fight at Marengo with their faces to their proper rear, and, when defeated, nothing remained for them but to capitulate.

In very few countries can a large body of troops move in order of battle, even for a short march. It must of necessity form lengthened columns on the roads. When in this formation, only the heads of the columns can be deployed for immediate action, and to bring the army from the order of march to the order of

* *The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated.* By Edward Bruce Hamley, Colonel in the Army, and Lieut.-Colonel Royal Artillery, &c. &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1866.

battle is a work of time. It may, in most countries, be checked for a short time by a force deployed in order of battle only a little superior to the heads of the advancing columns. A good example of what may be done by a retarding force was afforded by Zieten's corps of Prussians which held the line of the Sambre in 1815, covering the road from Charleroi to Brussels. Two French columns, one of 45,000 and the other of 64,000, were retarded by two brigades, each about 8,000 strong, so that between eleven o'clock in the morning and nightfall they only advanced four or five miles. Another good example is afforded by Massena's retreat from Portugal in 1811, where Ney, "with a happy mixture of courage and skill," covered the movement. "Wellington, coming up with Ney (who has about 10,000 to 40,000), must choose between attacking with the head of his column with certain loss and with uncertain result—for he could not know except by experience what force might be in front of him; or deploying his whole army for battle as at Redinha; or having recourse to a turning movement; and either of the last two methods cost him half a day in preparation." A chapter treating of the "case of dislodging an army by operating with a detachment against its rear" takes for illustration the campaign of General Sherman in Georgia in 1864. Colonel Hamley bestows only moderate praise on Sherman. Notwithstanding the advantage of nearly two to one in numbers, he gained nothing so long as Johnston was opposed to him, beyond the slow dislodgment of the enemy. Johnston fell back from Dalton to Atlanta without disaster, and the only attack made upon him failed. "Probably," says Colonel Hamley, "no commander ever attained a reputation equal to Sherman's with so little actual fighting, and with such odds in his favour."

The chapter on fortresses explains clearly the reasons for the costly sieges undertaken by Wellington in Spain. The frontier between Spain and Portugal is naturally strong, and there are, in fact, only two roads by which it can be passed by an invading army. The gates of those roads are the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. If Wellington, masking Badajoz, were to take the offensive against Soult in Andalusia, Marmont from Ciudad Rodrigo would in a moment recall him by threatening Lisbon; and Soult would in the same way, from Badajoz, prevent an attack on Marmont. The peculiar circumstances under which the French occupied Spain added to the value of these fortresses. "The scantiness of provisions generally reduced the French armies to the defensive during the winter and early part of the year, till the harvest filled with grain their central depôts of supply. At these seasons they could safely disperse their troops to seek subsistence so long as the two fortresses kept the English at bay. But Wellington, supplied from the sea, was more independent of the country; and if he could capture the fortresses he might take the offensive at a season when it was most inconvenient to the French to assemble in masses. Hence it was that the possession of these places was so important to either side, and that Wellington rightly considered it worth the risks and certain heavy losses of the famous attacks by storm." It is possible to have too many fortresses, as on the north-eastern frontier of France. But it is also possible to have too few, as was shown in Germany in 1809. If strong places had existed on the Inn and the Traun, the defeat of Eckmühl need not have been so rapidly followed by the capture of Vienna. "All that a great monarchy wants," says the Archduke Charles, "is time to develop its resources."

The last portion of Colonel Hamley's work, which treats of "Tactics," is perhaps, under present circumstances, the most important. Every reader will feel interest in the explanation given under this head of the victories of Prussia over Austrian armies in the Seven Years' War. The King of Prussia commanded an army which was in mobility as superior in the field to those opposed to it as were the armies of Napoleon in his most brilliant campaigns:—

Urged by his impetuous spirit always to attack, he found in the Austrians an enemy always willing to await him. They carried the system of selecting and occupying strong positions to its very extreme. To its extreme, too, they carried the pedantry of war, embodied in their blind addition to arbitrary rules and ancient precedents. Such a foe was to a dexterous tactician and a highly-trained army a very whetstone of skill. Moving round their slow inert masses, like a panther round an ox, he found the ungaurded part, and cast himself on it with all his force. The secret of his success lay, not so much in judicious movements in the theatre of war as in the use he made of the flexibility of his army as compared with the armies of his adversaries. It was by his successes in the fields of battle, rather than by his plans of campaign, which were often faulty, that he finally emerged victorious from the struggle, with a military renown unrivalled in his generation.

Another passage having reference to the same war might almost have been written to describe the war of this present summer. In Frederick's time the Prussians generally attacked in line. They were so steady that they could be trusted to form and advance under fire, "and their own fire was so superior to that of any other infantry, so quick, well-maintained, and deadly, that they soon counterbalanced in the conflict of musketry what losses they might have suffered in the advance." The principal tactical difference between the system of Frederick and that of Napoleon was that the latter employed columns covered by skirmishers. These columns varied greatly in depth and extent of front. At Waterloo the French formed columns of attack by ranging eight or nine deployed battalions behind each other. The front of such a column, supposing the battalions to be three deep and 600 strong, would extend about 120 yards, and its depth would be twenty-four to twenty-seven ranks. Such a mass would be formidable in appearance, and its first line and skirmishers would afford a considerable amount of fire during the deployment of the rest, while its

momentum, if fairly launched upon a line, would seem irresistible. But, though often successful against Continental troops, it totally failed at Waterloo. It is remarkable that the same Prussian King who commanded the best infantry of his age also commanded cavalry which was even better than any that has been seen subsequently. "While improvements in weapons have materially affected the action of infantry and artillery, science has done nothing for cavalry . . . and no army has since possessed a cavalry leader or a body of horsemen that could claim any superiority over Seidlitz and his splendid squadrons." Perhaps it is to be ascribed to the non-scientific character of cavalry that the Austrians now appear to be superior in this arm to the Prussians. The name of Seidlitz recalls to mind his favourite maxim, that the centre of a line of charging cavalry shall be "jammed boot to boot." Jomini maintains the surprising doctrine that cavalry charging at the trot ought to beat cavalry charging at the gallop. The same writer, who had been present in many battles, gives the following remarkable description of what he had witnessed in them:—

In war I have never seen but two kinds of infantry combats; either that of battalions deployed beforehand, which commence firing by companies, and then pass, by little and little, to file firing; or else that of columns marching boldly on the enemy, who gives way without awaiting the shock, or who repulses the columns before actual collision, either by his firm countenance, his fire, or by himself advancing to attack. It is only in villages and defiles that I have seen actual conflicts of infantry in column, the heads of which fought with the bayonet. In line of battle I have never seen the like.

Again he says:—

In the late wars, Russian, French, and Prussian columns have frequently been seen to carry positions with shouldered arms and without firing a shot. The triumph is that of impulsion and the moral effect produced by it.

A few practical rules of tactics given by Colonel Hamley will help to convey to the unprofessional reader a better notion of the business of fighting than he had before. He says that an elevation of twenty or thirty feet above a plain will give all the command that is to be desired for guns. We often read, in descriptions of battles, of "heights," and the term perhaps conveys an exaggerated idea of altitude; whereas if we visit the scene of a well-known battle, as, for instance, Waterloo, we shall find that what appear to an untrained eye to be slight undulations of surface suffice to constitute a good defensible position. Another example of the influence of small circumstances in war comes from the same country, but is to be found in a different part of Colonel Hamley's book. After the action of Quatre Bras the English troops retreated by the fields, leaving the paved road to the artillery and trains. But before the French followed them rain had fallen, making the fields impassable; and thus the troops of all arms were crowded upon the road, and did not reach their camping-ground till some hours after the English had occupied the positions in which they had to fight next day. Another of Colonel Hamley's rules is, that when cavalry is finally advancing to the charge the artillery must be always in rear of the prolongation of its flanks—not directly in rear, where its fire would be masked, and where it would be ridden over by defeated horse. Again, he says that though good infantry alone has generally, in the wars of the present century, successfully resisted cavalry alone, yet cavalry and artillery together ought to destroy it; for the cavalry, manoeuvring on the flanks of its line of retreat, would force it to form squares, which formation could not long be maintained under the fire of guns. As regards the combination of infantry with artillery, the infantry will best give and receive support if posted in rear of the flanks of the line of guns.

If any reader desires to understand how Prussia won the battle of Prague against Austria, or that of Rossbach against France, he will find ample information in Colonel Hamley's pages; where also he may learn how the military power which was founded in these fields was ruined by the campaign of Jena. To see Napoleon as a tactician, let us look at Colonel Hamley's map of Austerlitz; to see him as a strategist, let us look at the map which shows how skilfully he used his position between the rivers Seine and Marne, in his campaign against the Prussians and Austrians in 1814. Or, if we would follow Wellington at Waterloo, Radetzky at Novara, the French Emperor at Solferino, or the Confederate generals at Bull Run, Fair Oaks, and Gettysburg, Colonel Hamley will guide us over all these famous battle-fields. To read about campaigns and battles without maps is misery; to read about them with such maps as this author supplies is, to those who care for such reading, luxury. But perhaps the most important part of the book is the chapter which treats of "Changes in Contemporary Tactics." The introduction of arms of precision was the signal for numerous speculations on the changes in warfare which would ensue. Some said that all attacks would be impossible; some that artillery would now be the chief arm; some that the day of cavalry was over. "To discern and provide for the new conditions under which armies will engage may, in the next European war, be worth to a people, not merely armies and treasure, but liberty and national life." This passage was written and published before a Prussian soldier entered Bohemia, and probably we cannot bestow higher commendation upon the book than by simply quoting it. Another passage which shows how, "by divining the relations between new systems and old," Frederick rendered Prussia for a time supreme in war, may almost be treated as prophetic. It may, indeed, be objected to Colonel Hamley that he has not in this chapter indicated the probable effect of breech-loading rifles upon contemporary tactics; but we should be unwilling to believe that a mind

which has correctly read all the earlier lessons of military history failed to appreciate the last. From the experience of all wars down to the publication of his work, Colonel Hamley appears to agree with Jomini in recommending that disposition of advancing infantry which was adopted at Solferino. The corps of Macmahon and Niel were formed in two lines of battalion columns of divisions, at deploying intervals. The division was formed of two companies, and the depth of each column was three divisions or six ranks. The columns of the second line were placed opposite the intervals of the first. The advance was covered by a line of skirmishers. For the attack of the hill of Solferino the French adopted a more massive formation, and they suffered accordingly; but they carried the post. After examining opposite views as to the utility of cavalry, our author concludes that, properly trained and led, it may play as great a part as ever on the stage of war. This opinion seems to be supported by the accounts of the battle of Sadowa, where the Austrian cavalry did good service in covering the retreat of the defeated infantry. It must be granted that cavalry will in certain cases suffer more than formerly. But, as Napoleon used to say, "Omelettes cannot be made without the breaking of eggs." This seems the only possible answer to much that has been written about the effect of arms of precision upon armies.

THE OBERLAND AND ITS GLACIERS.*

IN crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne, or from Dover to Calais, every traveller may notice the greenish colour of the sea, which is more decided about the prow and paddles, where the water is partially churned up into a finely-bubbled foam. Whence does this colour of the sea-water arise? From the fact that it has the power of abstracting from the solar light its red constituent, the mixture of the remaining colours imparting to the water its peculiar hue. But what becomes of the red light thus absorbed? It is converted into heat—applied, in fact, to warm the water and to promote its evaporation. The light which gives its colour to the water must not be confounded with that reflected at the surface, which is white. This latter is most copious, often indeed dazzling, where the sun shines upon the water, while the colour of the water itself is best seen in the shade. It is due to light which has entered the water, and been sifted by it, and which has returned to the eye minus some of the constituents to the mixture of which, under ordinary circumstances, its whiteness is due. The amount of heat derived from the red rays absorbed is, however, small in comparison with that derived from other solar rays which have no colour or light at all. The sun emits a multitude of such rays, and so hostile is the water to their transmission that they are quenched close to the surface at which they enter, all their power being applied to heat the superficial layer of the ocean on which they fall. It is thus that in the tropic zones the vapour is raised from the sea; this vapour is almost wholly the product of obscure radiation. The vapour thus liberated rises in the atmosphere, where, in consequence of the loss of heat, it loses the gaseous form and curdles into visible clouds. And these soft things, so light as to float for hours and days without sinking through the air, are in all probability the navigators which in the course of ages have dug the valleys of the Alps, and therefore formed the mountains. It is they which have cut the gorge of the Tamina, the "Schlucht" of the Finsteraar, and the hundred other gorges through which Alpine rivers run. At certain temperatures the clouds coalesce and fall as rain, which runs in eroding streamlets down the mountain sides. At certain lower temperatures they fall as snow, which by pressure, under proper conditions, is converted into the glaciers of the Alps.

The Alpine snows are in common language *white*. Now the meaning of whiteness is that the light which falls upon the white body, and enters it, passes through it, or is ejected from it, without being absorbed. If the whole of the constituents of the light were equally absorbed, we should have the body *gray*; if one constituent were absorbed, in preference to another, we should have the body *coloured*. The statement that snow is white requires some qualification, just as the statement that a glass of pure water is colourless would require qualification. Pure water is blue, and it only requires a sufficient action of the liquid upon the solar light to bring out its blueness. Ice is crystallized water, and the rule is almost without exception that the colour of a crystal in the solid state, and in the state of solution, is the same. The blueness of Alpine ice then results from the blueness of the water of which it was originally formed. And snow itself, which is but ice in a fine state of division, exhibits, when freshly fallen, a beautiful blue. Hence a portion of the light of the sun is absorbed by snow and helps to melt the snow. But were this all, the rivers of the Alps would be mere starvelings compared with what they now are. As already stated, it is mainly the dark solar rays which lift the vapours from the ocean; it is these same rays which undo the work of congelation on the heights. They unlock the rigid grasp by which molecule holds molecule in the state of ice. And thus are liberated the rivers of the Alps. Taking into account both its passage from the sea to the mountain, and its return from the mountain to the sea, every glacier stream in Switzerland is almost wholly the product of solar rays to which the eye is entirely insensible.

These obscure rays are, then, the remote cause of the emptying of a portion of the vigour of England into Switzerland

every summer. And the more Switzerland is known, the better it seems to be loved. It is not solely the *aesthetics* of the Alps, which might possibly be enjoyed in a sedan chair, that render the love of the mountains permanent; nor is it solely the muscular action which they call into play. It is the perfect blending of both—the influence of beauty and sublimity upon the mind, coupled with the physical discipline by which the body is invigorated, and the mind itself rendered strong and pure. And this twofold appeal of the mountains to the soul and to the body will render them objects of perennial interest to the true lovers of nature after all their cliffs have been scaled, and when the fascination of an untrodden peak no longer stimulates the mountaineer.

The growth of interest in the Alps is in some degree measured by the growth of Alpine literature, and by the notices of that literature in the leading reviews of this and other countries. Science was our pioneer in the Alps, and for a time their literature was mainly scientific. It was probably the first pleasant book of Mr. Wills which showed what interest could be aroused by the narrative of Alpine adventure. The first series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers* followed, and surprised the public by a vigour of diction in perfect keeping with the vigour of muscle of which the whole work was an illustration. Mr. Hinchliff, Mr. King, Mrs. Cole, and Mrs. Freshfield have all contributed to extend and sustain an interest in the purely narrative part of Alpine literature; while the publication of the second series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers* was suggested and justified by the immense success of the first. Still the Alps constitute but a limited region, and the accounts of Alpine experiences, both as regards contact with nature and with man, could hardly be continued without repetition. If the public interest is to be sustained, it must be by the development of new materials, or by the novel combination of the old, and it is to an effort to combine two sources of interest which have been hitherto kept apart that we owe the splendid volume to which we now direct attention. "Books of Alpine travel and photographs of Alpine scenery have of late become so familiar to the public that no suggestion for adding to the number of either would ever have been seriously entertained, had it not been believed that a new and useful combination of the two might be made." The mere appearance of this book will give pleasure. Its cover, its illustrations, its type, the tint and texture of its paper, are alike attractive, and are worthy of its more substantial merits.

The combination of the ice-axe and camera referred to in the title-page took place in the persons of Mr. H. B. George, an experienced and accomplished mountaineer, and that excellent photographer Mr. Ernest Edwards. In the earlier chapters of the work Mr. George gives a brief but sufficient account of the origin and phenomena of glaciers. He describes their formation and their motion, their ablation, their power of yielding to pressure, the similarity between glacier motion and river motion, the union of branch glaciers to form trunk glaciers, the formation of moraines, dirt-cones, glacier-tables, crevasses, and moulins. In fact we have here a clear and very complete summary of glacier phenomena, and of the explanations of them propounded by scientific men. The interest of Mr. George's lucid exposition is greatly enhanced by the illustrations of Mr. Edwards. They are always beautiful, and often exceedingly instructive. The frontispiece is a fine illustration of an ice-fall, and never before in a work on the Alps were ice-needles, dirt-cones, and glacier-tables so well shown. One photograph we find which we have often wished to see—that of the Ober Aletsch glacier from the Sparrenhorn. There is not probably in Switzerland a more interesting and instructive expedition than that which may be made, with little labour and no risk, over this glacier and its tributaries. It lies deep in the heart of the mountains, quiet and unruffled, overshadowed by jagged peaks, of which the Aletschhorn, the Rothhorn, and the Nesthorn are the chief. "In addition to the chapters relating entirely to the formation and functions of glaciers, matter has been introduced of two different kinds, which it is hoped may interest two classes of readers. For the experienced Alpine climber there are narratives of two or three ascents of some difficulty and considerable interest. For the less ambitious there are accounts of a few expeditions of slighter calibre, which do not seem to be well known." The harder work of Mr. George embraces the formidable ascent of the Jungfrau from the Wengorn Alp, the ascent of the Nesthorn—a very noble mass—and the passage of the Lauteraarjoch. For those whose aspirations are more limited, the chapters on Panoramic Summits, the Bell Alp and its neighbourhood, the Eschinen See and Steinberg Alp, will possess interest and instruction. In the eleventh chapter we are glad to find ratified by Mr. George an opinion which we have long entertained, that there is no glacier in Switzerland of equal accessibility which can compare in point of interest to the Lower Grindelwald glacier. It presents ice-pinnacles due to the violent dislocation of its terminal portion. Above these we have the most instructive examples of crevassing, both marginal and transverse. We have that upward pointing of the marginal fissures which, while it always suggests to the uninitiated the quicker motion of the sides, is in reality due to the quicker motion of the centre. We have also crevasses crossing the whole glacier from side to side in curves, which turn their convexity upwards and not downwards, as a superficial consideration of the motion of the glacier might lead us to expect. Above these crevasses we have the broad smooth Eismeer, where streams have space to form and combine into rivulets of considerable volume, which finally plunge with the roar of thunder into moulin-shafts of a magnitude unexcelled. Above the Eismeer we have

* *The Oberland and its Glaciers, Explored and Illustrated with Ice-axe and Camera.* By H. B. George, with Twenty-eight Photographic Illustrations by L. Ernest Edwards. London: Alfred W. Bennett.

the overhanging névé of the Viescherhörner and the avalanches of the Heisseplatte. The Strahleck branch also stretches smoothly upwards for a distance, being at length broken by a fine ice-fall at the base of which we have the transverse waves or undulations formed by the toning down of the terraces into which the ice is broken on the fall. Here also we have developed, with an evidence hardly equalled upon any other glacier, the veined structure of the ice. That the cleavage of slate rocks is associated with pressure in one direction is proved by the flattening and distortion of their fossil remains. And here, at the bottom of the Strahleck fall, we have the same agencies at work impressing upon the entire mass of the glacier the most beautiful lamination.

Mr. George's remarks on Alpine dangers are sensible and well-timed, and the extent of his own experience enables him to dilate with effect upon the pleasures of the mountaineer. "Alpine climbing," he says, "possesses a spice of almost every form of pleasure and profit. It brings the body into the best and healthiest condition, and affords that instinctive and half-conscious delight which every man, it may be almost said every animal, experiences on using his muscles vigorously and successfully. It unfolds to the eye an ever new series of beauties, alternately grand and soft, exquisite in their detail or sublime in their sternness. It feeds the intellect and the imagination with the sight of the mightiest forces of nature in operation, and of the vast results which they have achieved. And when we have to add to those physical and mental pleasures the moral satisfaction which is derived from dangers braved and difficulties overcome, we may fairly claim to place mountaineering, not only as the first of athletic pursuits, but as almost the greatest of those pleasures which are self-regarding."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL LATIN PRIMER.*

(Concluding Notice.)

WE have said that the *Public School Latin Primer* has its good points. It would indeed have been an extraordinary circumstance if it had been a failure in all respects. The only portion of the work, however, which we can speak of in terms of approbation is the first part, which is included under the head of Etymology. The ambitious character of the Primer, of which we shall have to complain in the Syntax, does not appear so distinctly or so continuously in its earlier half. The principal fault here is that there is too much of what mathematical tutors call *talk* about it. Of what conceivable use is it, for instance, to prefix to the conjugation of the verb *sum*, *esse*, to be, the direction—

Before the regular verbs it is necessary to conjugate the irregular but important verb of Being, *sum*, *esse*, which lends its forms to complete the conjugation of other verbs.

This is a paragraph wasted, because it gives directions to masters on a point where they cannot go wrong, and to pupils in language which they can as yet but imperfectly, if at all, comprehend. We lay great stress on this, for every square inch of paper that could be saved would contribute its quota to the enlargement of the type of the Grammar, which, as we said in a former notice, we consider to be of primary importance. And in this point of view we are obliged to condemn the huddling together, in a note of four lines, of the participles of such deponent verbs as are used passively as well as actively, instead of displaying the thirty-three words in large type in vertical columns in the text.

It may be said, indeed, that the amount of talk of which we are complaining may be omitted at the discretion of the tutor; but this is a poor defence when the ground of complaint against it is that it takes up space. When we come to the actual Declensions of Nouns and Conjugations of Verbs we gladly recognise an improvement on older grammars. Here the Head-masters, without aiming at the philosophical, have adopted the recognised results of modern philology, and, omitting all abstruse explanation, have contented themselves with calling attention to the plain facts of the case.

The first thing that will catch the eye of a reader is the insertion of the capital letter in the middle of the genitives plural of the five declensions. The genitives of the first, second, fourth, and fifth declensions are printed thus—

MensArum, BellOrum, GradUum, DiErum.

The compiler has judiciously abstained from introducing a sixth declension, and has distinguished the nouns of the third declension into I-nouns and Consonant-nouns; the nouns of the other declensions being respectively denominated A-nouns, O-nouns, U-nouns, and E-nouns. The temptation to uniformity has been wisely sacrificed to the convenience of learning, and the third declension has been divided into two classes, called I-nouns and Consonant-nouns; the I of the genitives plural, in such words as *OpUum*, *NubUum*, being printed as we have here exhibited them, whilst the genitives of the consonantal nouns are printed with the characteristic consonant of the root in a capital letter. Thus—

JudiCum, EtaTum, LeoNum, LeGuum, PeDum, AmoRum.

The declensions of adjectives and pronouns call for no special remark except that we may be allowed to express our wonder that *quis* should have been silently substituted for the *quæ* of most former grammars in the feminine of the interrogative pronoun; for we feel sure that not one of the Head-masters would allow a boy to use the word in a Latin exercise as feminine. But what were

the Head-masters about when they sanctioned the omission of the much more common feminine *quæ*? Will they attempt to screen themselves behind the defence that the following are adjectival uses, or that the question is indirectly expressed?—

Quæ tamen hæc Dea sit.—Ov. *Fast.* III. 543.

Quæ sit, rogo.—Ter. *And.* I. i. 97.

Quæ tibi virginum,

Sponso necato, barbara serviet?

Puer quis ex aula capillis

Ad cyathum statuatur unctis?

Hor. *Od.* I. xxix. 5.

Surely in every one of these cases, which have been selected almost at random, *quæ* would have been *quis* if the substantive had been masculine. If so, *quæ* is the undoubted feminine of the interrogative substantival pronoun *quis*. Again, in the compounds of *quis*, it was scarcely desirable, we think, to venture on the very doubtful suggestion of *en-quis* for a derivation of *ecquis*.

Passing by the first page of the Verbs with the single observation that it is much too hard to be understood even by a clever boy, we come to the actual conjugations, which are arranged, as usual, as four—the first, second, and fourth being called A-verbs, E-verbs, and I-verbs respectively; whilst the third conjugation has two classes, named respectively consonant- and U-verbs, according as the final *o* is preceded by a consonant or the vowel *u*. And here the letter which denotes the stem of the present, perfect, and supine is printed, just as in the case of the declensions of nouns, as a capital. Thus:—

Present.	Perfect.	Supine.
AmA-	amaV-	amaT-
MonE-	monU-	moniT-
ReG-	rex (regS-)	recT-
AudI-	audiV-	audiT-

Though it is but a small matter, it seems worth calling attention to the fact that the I is frequently printed so as very nearly to resemble an X. This shows a carelessness in revision which nine pairs of eyes ought not to have been guilty of. The smallest matter is worth notice if it tends, in ever so remote a degree, to complicate a subject.

There is one difficulty that arises in regard to the consonantal verbs of the third conjugation which terminate in *io*, which is not provided for; no notice having been taken of them till p. 54, where it is observed that "in their present-stem forms they retain this inorganic *i* generally, but not before *i*, final *e*, and short *er*." Without committing ourselves to an approval of this mode of statement, we at once admit that we consider the sacrifice of logical accuracy in the incomplete division to be compensated by grammatical convenience; but we think a note should have been added at p. 25, referring the reader onwards to p. 54 for a notice of verbs of which instances will occur very early in the student's course of reading. When we come to notice the Syntax, it will be seen that we by no means approve of sacrificing logic when there is nothing secured as an equivalent for the sacrifice.

Continuing our account of the verbs, we observe that the Primer has judiciously changed the received form of the future infinitive active and the perfect infinitive passive from *auditurum esse*, *monitum esse*, into *auditurus esse* and *monitus esse*. The distinction is important, if for no other reason, because it serves to mark more pointedly the construction of the future infinitive passive, which is always in the form *amatum iri*, whereas, in the other two cases, grammarians have been misled by the fact that these tenses much more frequently occur with a noun in the accusative than in the nominative case. Page 57 contains a most useful addition to this part of the Primer, containing as it does the different examples of the mode of construction of the infinitive.

Crederis iturus esse, you are believed to be about to go,

vindicates the substitution of the termination *us* for *um* in the future. We miss the corresponding instance of the use of the perfect infinitive passive, and this omission we can attribute to nothing but carelessness. The instance of the construction of the future infinitive passive is better Englished than any we have seen:—

Credo amatum iri Juliam. I believe there-is-a-going to love Julia—i.e. I believe Julia will be loved.

A more questionable change is the introduction of a second tense into the imperative mood, which is classed as future, but which is translated by the English word *must*. Now here, even though we should admit that there is a distinction of sense, in spite of the very small induction of passages that can be brought to support the theory, and the weight of other passages which seem to impugn it, the forms *esto*, *amato*, *audito*, have no business to be classed as futures, but should have been, as heretofore, added to the usual imperative, a note being added to call attention to the fact, if fact it be, that these forms mark intensity or urgency. The introduction of this tense as a future by the old grammarians looks like a desire to emulate the various forms of the Greek verb, and is pretty much on a par with the classing of *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc* as an article. In other respects, the verbs in the Primer follow suit, with the exception of the senseless alteration of the order of tenses into present, future, imperfect, perfect, future perfect, and pluperfect. The display of the deponent verb *Utor* at full length meets with our entire approval. But why must the Head-masters indulge, in a primer, in such long hard words as *Inorganic*, *Periphrastic*, *Eliminated*? They might have spared the term *Periphrastic* altogether by omitting the whole of the matter contained under the head *Periphrastic Conjugation*, which is entirely superfluous. And as to the latter term, as it is

* The *Public School Latin Primer*. Edited with the sanction of the Head-Masters of the Public Schools included in Her Majesty's Commission. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

not used according to the Mauritian nomenclature as the equivalent of *elicit*, the words "left out" might with advantage have been substituted for it on so early a page as the 46th of a Latin Primer.

We have no other remark to make on the Etymological portion of the Primer, except that the conjugation of the anomalous verbs has been most injudiciously transferred from its proper place immediately after the regular verbs to near the end of the first part. These words are of so frequent occurrence that they ought to be learned very early, and the acquiring of them might be facilitated by a few explanations of the reasons why their irregularity takes a particular form. There is something absurd in the inconsistency of explaining that *ecquis* is made up of *en* and *quis*, and omitting to add that *possum* is formed from *potis sum*, especially as the explanation supplies the key to the irregularity of its conjugation. It is not every boy that would discover this for himself, nor even every teacher who would have the sense to suggest it. And the same remark applies to the verbs *malo* and *nolo* as following *volo*, as if they were contracted forms of *mavolo* and *novolo*. We see no good reason why *feror* should be omitted from its usual place amongst these verbs. Neither is the quiet omission of the perfect, pluperfect, and future perfect of *Fio* defensible on any reasonable ground, as no notice has been taken by affixing any mark of the place which these tenses ought to have occupied. The only way in which the omission would be discovered would be by counting, and thus finding that in these forms six only, instead of seven verbs, have been conjugated.

We now proceed to notice the Syntax and Prosody. The Syntax—or, we should rather say, the first instalment of the Syntax, for there is a considerable addition to it, first, in the way of supplementary notes, and secondly, in a glossary which is entirely out of place in such a work—occupies sixteen pages of the new Primer; and on the score of brevity, though on no other account, it is entitled to our praise. We have spoken of the book as being remarkably inconsistent in its plan, but the ambitious character of the Primer is nowhere so conspicuous as in its Syntax. Every page of it entitles it to the description "Syntax made hard." If we wanted to mystify our readers by using the phraseology of the compilers, we should word our complaint of the Syntax as follows:—*Hard* or *Difficult* is the adjective which ought to be found in attribution with the noun-term which figures at the head of this portion of the Primer, whether it appears in the form of (1) Epithet, or (2) Attributive Complement, thus—(1) *Difficilis Syntaxis*, (2) *Syntaxis est difficilis*. If we expressed our meaning by describing the Syntax as likely to prove a *crux* to learners, we should say that *crux* is the substantive which should be made to agree with the noun-term syntax, with which it may be in apposition in two ways—(1) as Epithetic, (2) as Appositive Complement. Will it be believed that all these four distinctions occur in the very first page of the Syntax, in what is called "A prefatory Excursion"? Assuredly the Head-masters, when they started on this Excursion, must have agreed to leave their wits at home. This Excursion is occupied with the explanation of the terms used above, together with a most unnecessary and illogical account of a sentence as divided into *subject* and *predicate*, the latter being again split up into *copula* and *complement*—copulative verbs being defined to be such as link a *subject* and *complement*. It might have been supposed that the Oxford Head-masters at least would have been sensible of the danger incurred in introducing a new sense of the term predicate. There is more than one of their number who ought not to need being reminded of the difficulty experienced by ordinary minds in grasping the logical idea of predication. Some of them, we think, must remember the absurd conversions of propositions of which the Oxford type used to be "Squirrels run up trees," *conv.* "Trees run up squirrels." Yet in their Grammar, without even once looking ahead to the time when logic will have to be studied, they have still further complicated the matter by familiarizing boys with a different explanation from that which they will hereafter have to learn. It would have been far better if the term predicate and the whole theory of predication had been omitted altogether, and if the Head-masters had contented themselves with the lower level of common sense, and avoided soaring into the tempting elevations of philosophy.

After quitting the clouds, we return from the Excursion to *terra firma*. The *Syntaxis Memorialis Prima* is, as it ought to be, in Latin. And this is nearly the only thing about it that is as it ought to be. The alterations on what may be called the *textus receptus* of grammar are done in most fantastic style. It would take a great deal to reconcile us to parting with the established phraseology of the three Concords. They are the first rungs of the ladder, and have a kind of prescriptive right of their own; and if that right is interfered with, good cause ought to be shown for displacing them. It is a mere affectation of the classical to substitute *congruit* for *concordat*. The one word is quite as good as the other; but even if this were an improvement, the Latinity of the rules of the Syntax of the Primer is not so pre-eminently of the Augustan age of scholarship as to require the selection of a word which is scarcely, if at all, an improvement on established usage. Neither, again, is there any reasonable excuse for mixing up with the three Concords the Primer's fourth rule of agreement, which formerly occupied a subordinate place in the form—"Duo substantiva rei ejusdem in eodem casu ponuntur." Again, it is an unpardonable blunder to place on the very first page of the Syntax an equivocal rule and an equally equivocal example. It would be impossible for a boy to judge what the meaning of *prior*

is in the following, nor does the English word *prior*, which is given in the English Syntax, at all mend the matter:—

In diversitate personarum cum priore congruunt :

Si tu et Tullia valetis, ego et Cicero valeamus.

It is quite open, as far as any explanation in the Primer goes, for a boy following this rule to write

Si Tullia et tu valetis, Cicero et ego valetis,

if he should happen to mistake *prior* for precedence in point of place, instead of priority of person. And here the fault does not lie at Dr. Kennedy's door, but with some one or more of the eight Head-masters. In all the points we have hitherto noticed in the Syntax he has been forced, we suppose, to give up his own judgment to that of his colleagues; and in each case the change has been made for the worse. But the plan upon which the Eton Syntax is constructed is, both in its conception and in the mode of its execution, far better than either that formerly adopted by Dr. Kennedy or that which is the result of a compromise between him and the other Head-masters. We much prefer the systematic way in which the construction of the adjective with the different cases in succession is arranged, followed by the verb with its subjoined cases and the rest of the parts of speech, to the new style of division in which the uses of each case are classed under a separate head, whether governed by adjective, verb, or preposition.

Under the head *De Casibus*, which embraces more than half the Syntax, we meet, as elsewhere in the Primer, with some ridiculous attempts at the philosophical, combined with an almost entire absence of explanation. Thus the accusative is divided into the accusative of the nearer object and the accusative of limitation. The latter term seems to us to be most unfortunately chosen, as it applies in reality to the former class as well as to the latter. But under the former head we have the following luminous rule—

Verba Factitiva binos habent Accusativos, hunc Objecti, illum obliqui Complementi.

In the English portion we have no further light thrown upon the term Factitive, but we have still a last resource left in the Glossary, which is as follows:—

Factitiva Verba (facere, to make)—Factitive or Quid-qualis Verbs.

We have before objected to the use of a glossary in a primer, but we think it is scarcely the object of a glossary to explain *ignotum per ignotum*. It is in truth this absence of either explanation or logical definition that we most complain of. Had the author told us that certain verbs govern two accusatives, and are called, or will henceforth be called, *factitive*, we should have understood what he meant, and should neither have looked for further explanation in a glossary, nor have had reason to object to it on any other ground than that he was soaring too high in introducing such words into a Primer.

It must not be supposed that the accusative stands alone in respect of the difficulties it presents or the objections which its treatment provokes. No sooner are we arrived at the dative—which, in spite of the genitive taking precedence in the Etymological part, is treated of next in order—than we light upon the rule "*Trajectiva capiunt Dativum*," having previously been informed, not what trajectives are, but that this power, whatever it may be, is possessed by a few substantives, and by a great many adjectives, adverbs, and verbs, which imply nearness, demonstration, gratification, dominion, and any notion contrary to these. We should certainly have supposed that the term trajective was not meant to be identical with "governing a dative"; but upon turning to the Glossary we find it to be so defined, with the addition that "Pure trajective verbs have a dative alone (Cui-verbs); trajective verbs transitive (Cui-verbs) have accusative and dative." And here the definition in the Glossary has been anticipated really, though very obscurely, in the equivalent expression in the Syntax. As regards classes of datives, we think the ethic dative might have been reserved for the sixth-form boys, and have been properly omitted from a primer. As to the dative of the recipient, we must say we much prefer the form in which we ourselves learned it—"Verba dandi et reddendi regunt dativum"; whilst the coupling together of the ideas of reception, and advantage or disadvantage, is at once tautological and extremely confusing, though the distinction was reasonable enough under the old system of treating the government of the adjective and the verb separately. The rule given here is,

Dativus recipientis ubivis adjungi potest cum notione quadam Commodi vel Incommodi.

The example is, "*Venus nupsit Vulcano*." We think the Head-masters either have but slight perception of the ridiculous, or else that they give boys credit for less keenness than they generally possess, when they allow an example to stand which is pretty sure to provoke the question whether Vulcan found his bride an advantage, or whether she is quoted as an example of the "contrary notion"; a question which, however, is left to be answered by each boy for himself as he advances in the study of mythology.

The treatment of the genitive case brings up the rear; and here we have no objection to urge to the important distinction of the subjective and objective ideas in the case which denotes possession, except that it is entirely out of place in an elementary work, and requires more illustration than is given it here, if the Grammar is meant for advanced students. And here the Head-masters, who, to do them justice, usually translate with precision and accuracy, have been unfortunate in two of their renderings.

Cajusvis hominis est errare

does not mean, It is *any* man's nature to err, but simply that any man may make a mistake contrary to what is natural, usual, or customary with him. Under the same rule we have another example, which indicates a want of refinement in appreciating minute distinctions of meaning.

Est adolescentis majores natu vereri

does not at all mean that it is the duty, but that it is the part of, or what is becoming in, the young to reverence their elders. If the compiler had condescended to the use of the intelligible word *part*, he would have included all the difficult ideas of *nature*, *token*, *function*, and *duty*.

The Prosodic Compendium extends to just two pages, and, as may be supposed, it is miserably deficient. It consists almost entirely of hexameter lines, which perhaps are as little awkward as the circumstances admit of. And that is all that can be said in their defence. Instead of a separate line for each of the terminations, such as

E brevis in fine est; sic lege, temete, carere,

surely a judicious selection might have been made of lines from Virgil or Ovid, each containing four or five different terminations. Or some harmonious lines might have been constructed by placing together different parts of several lines, so as to impress upon the memory the elementary rules for the quantities of final syllables. The lines

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso—
Turnus ut infractus, adverso Marte, Latinos,

would supply five or six different endings each. And if it be objected that *mihi* has a doubtful final vowel, and that in *causas* the vowel might be thought to be made long by position, the difficulty might easily be remedied by a few made-up verses which would be fewer in number and more easily remembered than those given in the Primer. Thus, in the second of the above lines the last three words might easily be altered so as not to clash with the terminations exhibited in the first line. Change them, for instance, into *adversâ civis ab urbe*, and we should have a line which would give the quantities of six different forms of ending. But with a very little ingenuity a few verses, that should not be mere nonsense verses, might be strung together so as to contain a type of every kind of termination, together with the exceptions if it should be thought necessary. The Prosody, then, is utterly inadequate to the wants of a boy beginning Latin verses. For anything that appears in the Primer he would not know the quantities of *ab* and *ob*, or the numerous exceptions to the rules of *e* and *n* final being short, and *es* final being long.

To sum up the general character of the Primer, omitting to notice special faults and blunders which will admit of easy alteration, we should say that the Etymology may be made excellent if it is pruned and weeded a little; that the Prosody is not up to the level even of a primer; and that the Syntax is very ill-adapted to the capacity of even the most advanced students for whom it is intended. We do not remember another so striking instance of the application of the old proverb, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." We fully believe that Dr. Kennedy, or any of the Head-masters, if he had been let alone, would have produced a better Grammar.

THE CO-HEIRESS.*

DOUBTLESS there are some among us who like to have humanity served up to them hot-pressed and double-milled, and to whom, therefore, the Fashionable Novel is a welcome companion and a satisfactory exposition of life and manners. It must be so, else the supply would not be kept up with such fearful regularity; for, whatever else may fail, the fashionable novel puts forth its perennial leaves with jaunty affluence, and in the midst of falling thrones and bankrupt kingdoms, commercial crises, cattle plagues, and cholera, flourishes like a green bay-tree unwithered by any adverse wind whatsoever. A wonderful creation is a fashionable novel—a marvellous compound of millinery and upholstery, where the principal effects are sought to be got out of an accurate description of the heroine's various dresses and a judicious arrangement of lights and laces, and where how the people look is of infinitely more importance to the novelist than what they are or how they act. The finery in which one lives during one's progress through the orthodox three volumes is simply amazing, at least to plain folk not born in the purple nor living in intimate connection with the peerage. To the beattified creatures who write as if earls' daughters, and dashing young baronets, and stately gentlemen of noble lineage and princely estates, were matters of every-day occurrence, it all comes easy enough, no doubt; but to the miserable gentiles shivering in the outer courts, and to whom the aristocracy is a paradise whereof they are only peris standing at the gate disconsolate, it is as much like a picture of ordinary human life as is the story of the white cat or the winged wife of Peter Wilkins. But the funniest thing of all is the intense vulgarity of these fashionable novels, which, together with the oppressive consciousness of their own finery that they carry about with them, and the uneasy consciousness of their own sham, makes them droll reading enough; at least to people of toughish nerves. Others, more irritable, cannot master them; their "infinite insufferable Jews' harping and scrannele-piping" causing, in the case of one notable example, "a hitherto unfelt sensation as of *delirium tremens* and a melting into total

delirium." To any one they must seem the oddest jumble of affectations and pretences possible to be framed by human brains, and, we should say, about the least satisfactory kind of reading incidental even to a seaside circulating library.

Here, in the *Co-Heiress*, we have a fashionable novel of the finest kind, one of the *crème de la crème*, a very Brahmin of the Brahmins among its brethren, a novel which for finery and stiltedness and affectation we should think has scarcely a parallel. The creatures which meander through its pages are anything in the world but men and women of ordinary life. Some barber's blocks for hanging wigs and wardrobes on are there; some jointed dolls constructed to perform various mimetic gestures simulating human emotions; some masks cut out of pasteboard and painted over with Indian ink and the reddest of all red ochre, in no niggardly manner; a great deal of millinery, very fine talk, a nice display of jewellery, and lots of costly furniture. These are the component parts of this wonderful *Co-Heiress*; but of wholesome natural men and women, such as live in a fearful, sinful, laughing, erring state in this world of ours—of creatures made after the pattern of ourselves and others of Adam's children—we have not a trace. Had the authoress of the *Co-Heiress* been writing for a prize inversely to truth and common sense, she would certainly have carried it off from any number of competitors. That wicked and witty division of human society into "men, women, and the Harveys" ought to have a fourth section added—namely, such creations as those of the writer before us, which are neither men nor women nor yet Harveys, but creatures essentially *sui generis*, and unmatched by base realities of flesh and blood.

The skeleton of the *Co-Heiress* is a very odd thing to contemplate, being a compound of fashion, sentimentality, and sensationalism rather puzzling to a critical classifier. The story opens with the doleful presentiments of the young Lady de Burgh, who, on the eve of her confinement, gives way to hysterical fancies not unfrequent, we believe, to women in that condition. Unfortunately, in this case the fancies translate themselves into actualities, and after a somewhat elaborate dwelling on the details of the event, the young wife gives birth to a girl, and incontinently dies. As this is the second girl born to the great Sir John de Burgh, he is immensely disgusted, as well as distressed at the loss of his wife, whom he ardently loved; so, in consideration of his disappointment and sorrow combined, he consigns the new-born baby to the care of its maternal grandparents, and starts off to Italy and foreign parts generally with his elder daughter, Augusta, now at the ripe age of four. This is so exactly what a Sir John de Burgh, not a lunatic, would do, that we are constrained to pause on the threshold of the story in admiration of the author's first evidence of fitness for her functions.

Seventeen years now elapse. Augusta de Burgh is in Italy, the admired of all admirers; and Marian is at Summertown, admired only by those respectable goodies her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, and the High Church young rector. Now Augusta is a De Burgh, tall, haughty, dark, imperious, and Marian is a Talbot, small, fair, blue-eyed, tender; the one is a Lady Macbeth after Siddons, the other an angel with the wings a little closely folded; and the angel of course is predestined to be the victim of the Lady. During all these seventeen years Sir John has not once been home; not once seen his daughter Marian; nor apparently ever written to her, or taken any interest in her whatsoever. But just at this time Miss Augusta has become engaged to a certain Sir Charles Bellingham; the two goody Talbots are perplexed about Marian and her lovers; so it is decided to have "the little rosebud" sent out to Rome, where the De Burghs are quartered; and accordingly the grandparents and the neglected daughter make their appearance. When Sir John sees Marian he shrieks against the marble balustrade, and desires the grandparents to take her away again, as the sight of her will kill him; the meaning of that being that she is very like her poor mother, and that Sir John sees the likeness. However, his next resolution is that she shall remain; and from having been neglected and an object of horror to him all his life, Marian is now suddenly made his idol and his delight. This does not at all suit Augusta, who is as jealous and uncomfortable a young woman as Marian is unselfish and good-tempered; consequently, the rosebud falls into disgrace with her magnificent sister at the very outset, and the reader foresees evil days in store. Augusta is engaged—a quite natural and proper proceeding as generally managed, but, as she has managed it, one of the funniest episodes of this very funny book. Sir Charles Bellingham, a veritable barber's dummy, is a foolish young flirt with a terribly stately and saintly old lady for his mother. He admires Augusta de Burgh, but he does not love her; and he admires a rival beauty, an Irish girl with red hair, one Miss Emily Crewe, but he does not love her; and between them both he manages to amuse himself tolerably on the whole, not dreaming of evil. But Augusta de Burgh, this haughty, impassive, disdainful Lady Macbeth, falls in love with the young baronet to such a tremendous extent that at last all Rome begins to talk, and ugly rumours reach the proud Sir John's fastidious ears. He blows Augusta up for her folly, and both are noticeably cool to Sir Charles that night when they meet him at a ball. Whereupon he revenges himself by flirting with Emily Crewe; and a certain Count Salvi, who wants to marry the handsome heiress, makes her very miserable by showing her their goings on. Then, because she refuses him, he vows vengeance upon her, and henceforth goes about muttering to himself, "Tu me lo pagherai." Augusta goes into

* *The Co-Heiress*. By the Author of "Charley Nugent," and "St. Aubyns of St. Aubyn." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

the garden, and, with a criminal disregard of her ball-dress, flings herself on the ground, throws up her arms, and talks to herself. Sir Charles overhears her, and overhears a confession of love for him; he thought she was in love with Count Salvi. Being a fool, he acts as such; makes her an offer, is accepted, approved of by Sir John, and publicly betrothed. But he does not love her, and he knows that he does not. His stately mother weeps and sermonizes; Emily Crewe flings about her "tresses of tawny gold" in utter amazement and secret disappointment; and the complication reaches its height when Marian comes on the scene, for Sir Charles straightway falls in love with her, and she falls in love with him, and everybody says she was the one made for him, and not the Lady Macbeth at all; and poor Lady Macbeth, for all that she is an objectionable young woman in many ways, does get hardly treated and put upon, and has enough to make her more than ordinarily disagreeable.

After a great deal of purposeless maandering and an overwhelming amount of finery of all kinds, Sir Charles and Miss Marian confess their mutual attachment, notwithstanding that he and Augusta are still engaged; which is unhandsome conduct in the young baronet to say the least of it, and a not very sisterly proceeding on the part of Miss Marian. Augusta now gives up her unwilling lover, who no sooner receives his dismissal than he hurries off to Marian on the balcony, and has a warm scene of love with the angelic rosebud, which Augusta sees, and at which she is naturally excessively disgusted. "They might have waited," she says, not unreasonably. Wandering about at night, as uncomfortable people are given to do in novels, she notices a strange smell in Marian's room; goes in; finds that the charcoal stove has been lighted, and that the young lady is slowly asphyxiating. She reasons with herself what she shall do; then finally resolves to let her die; and so goes quietly away, and Marian as quietly dies. But she has dropped her bracelet in the room; her maid, who is in Count Salvi's power, picks it up; and behold Miss Augusta also in the Count's power, and known to be a murderess. "Tu me lo pagherai" has the best of it. As no one knew of the lovers' quarrel between Sir Charles and his fiancée, still less of the episode with Marian, the engagement goes on in a desultory manner, and at last the wedding-day approaches; when suddenly Count Salvi appears on the scene again with the fatal bracelet, and demands, as the price of his silence, that Augusta shall run away with him that night. She accepts the alternative and elopes; but manages to evade him at an inn where they halt, and where she is seen and watched by a certain nun whom she had once met in Italy at the convent of Santa Lucia. The nun saves her from committing suicide, and they both go back to Italy, where Augusta enters the convent, and at last dies in the odour of sanctity and repentance. When she is fairly disposed of, and not likely to reappear save as a harmless ghost, Sir Charles marries Emily Crewe, who, we are to suppose, has always loved him; and Sir John de Burgh marries her sister, Mrs. Greville, and has that long-desired heir of his. At the lowest computation, he is only sixty-nine years of age when the story closes, but he was probably a hale old gentleman in spite of his years. At all events, if the authoress chooses to make him so, who can gainsay her right over her own puppets?

This, then, is one of the latest of our Fashionable Novels, and it is, we must confess, a thing to fill one with a kind of painful wonder as to what manner of people can find pleasure or profit in reading such miserable trash, and how any sane person with a soul to be saved can employ his or her time in writing it. The humblest housemaid who keeps the parlour clear of spiders, the plainest cook who can turn out a cleanly dinner, does more profitable work than this, for at least they do well that to which they have set their hands; while trashy literature is a mere mockery and a snare, a diet of dry husks, absolutely worthless to all mankind—ropes made out of sea-sand, unfit for any practical purpose under heaven. No good end can possibly be attained by the publication of such works as the *Co-Heiress*. Untrue to human life, morbid in sentiment, false in colouring, its dramatic power of the lowest order, very indifferently written, and very clumsily built up even from its originally poor materials, what good end can it answer? It tells us nothing, it rouses no noble sentiment, it awakens no softening sympathy, it does not even amuse; it is a mere piling up of dry bones into which no living soul has been breathed. Enough and more than enough of such doleful work has been done; and assuredly in the good time coming—and which is so long in coming—there will be no more Fashionable Novels wherewith to vex the sons of men, and to bring disgrace upon the memory of Caxton and on the art of printing.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM.*

DR. ANDERSON, in his Life of Smollett, roughly classes the now neglected *Adventures of an Atom* with the *New Atlantis* of Mrs. Manley and Dr. Arbuthnot's *John Bull*, on the ground that it treats of historical characters under the guise of a work of fiction. For this reason, and from the further circumstance that the narrative of which it consists is put into the mouth of a non-human speaker, it may also be classed, though still roughly, with Charles Johnston's *Chrysal*. But Smollett makes even less use of his Atom than Johnston does of his Guinea. One Nathaniel Peacock, a haberdasher and author resident in the parish of St. Giles, is

accosted shortly before midnight by a voice, which purports to proceed from no external being, but from one of the atoms of which Peacock is composed. The description which the strange speaker gives of its wanderings is filthy enough, and it largely indulges in pedantic banter, but the main object of its discourse is to give a history of Japan during the time of its residence in that remote country. The remark we made in the case of *Chrysal* (vide *Saturday Review*, September 1), that the author might as well have omitted his guinea altogether, applies with still greater force to the *Adventures of an Atom*. Nineteen-twentieths of the book might have been speciously represented as the work of some Japanese historian, and the useless improbability embodied in the other twentieth might have been judiciously avoided.

If we get rid of the atom, we find that, of the three works mentioned above, the only one with which Smollett's book can be accurately classed is the *John Bull* of Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Manley sought to damage her adversaries by exposing their private vices and frailties; and Johnston, adopting a similar line of warfare, frequently quitted history altogether to amuse his reader with some little sentimental fiction, as a relief to the severe study demanded by his personal and political satire. But Smollett is purely historical, and though, in the endeavour to vilify the statesman whom he attacks, he shows a command of utter nastiness in which he could scarcely be excelled by Swift or Rabelais, private character is safe from his assault, and he is thus honourably distinguished from "Junius," whose celebrated letters appeared in the same year as the *Adventures of an Atom*. If any one wishes to see the Duke of Newcastle styled a fawning despicable idiot, and the elder Pitt an impudent mountebank—both, however, only as politicians—he may regale himself to his heart's content with the imaginary annals of Japan; but if he desires to know whether any Minister of George II. ever kept a mistress, or seduced his ward, or cheated at play, he must betake himself to some other source of information. Having provided his victims with tolerably transparent masks, Smollett deliberately pelts them with filth from which a scavenger would recoil; but, allowance being made for extremely offensive words and grotesque descriptions not intended for literal representations of fact, it will be found that the substance of his attack does not greatly transcend the limits of legitimate political criticism, such as we read in the leader of a modern newspaper. Let it not be supposed, however, that the filthiness of the book is a thing to be excused. The year 1769 belongs to the period of the later essayists, when propriety in literature was the order of the day. Some of the dialogue in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, produced about eight years afterwards, sounds indeed rather odd to young ladies of the present day when they hear it for the first time; but there is less difference between Sheridan and the most shame-faced modern than between Wycherley and Sheridan. Pope and Swift, great masters of nastiness, were old writers when Smollett was a young beginner; and the allowances to be made in their case will not hold good with respect to a work published in the reign of George III. Smollett seemed really to love pure unvoluptuous filth, for its own sake. In *Humphrey Clinker*, which was published a few months before his death in October, 1771, and about two years after the *Adventures of an Atom*, he makes the fastidious Matthew Bramble express himself in the most revolting terms, and the worthy gentleman's description of London milk holds a deservedly high rank on the list of literary emetics. But Matthew at any rate talks, or rather writes, with a purpose, and, wishing to expose foulness, does not see the wisdom of avoiding repulsive details. Now there is no such need for dirt in the *Adventures of an Atom*, which is a political satire pure and simple. A clean road will lead as easily and directly to the proposed end as a muddy one, but the author chooses the latter that he may enjoy to the full the luxury of splashing his stockings. Even more easily than Johnston's guinea can an atom be made to pass from one owner to another; but, scorning this advantage, Smollett always takes care that the mode of transmission shall be the most disgusting he can conceive. He always seems to revel in everything that is filthy; and one phrase, in particular, which by the coarsest talkers is usually uttered in haste and dropped as soon as uttered, is by him slowly expanded into a series of noisome descriptions, flowing through the whole work, and casting over it a fragrance comparable to the odour with which some eight years ago the legislators and lawyers of Westminster were favoured by Father Thames. The sudden death of George II., which might have awakened something like a feeling of decorum, is seized upon as an occasion for indulging in a spirit of brutal ribaldry worthy of the worst of the *poissardes* who wished to insult the memory of Louis XVI. With all their taste for bigamy and other sensational peccadilloes, our modern novelists may, on some accounts, after reading such a book as the *Adventures of an Atom*, thank heaven that they are not as other men were, without being deemed Pharisaical.

The gross fault which we have indicated is sufficient to assign the *Adventures of an Atom* to the topmost shelf even of a book-case arranged on such liberal principles as to hold *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random* within the reach of the youngest member of a large family. Nevertheless, by a masculine student with a strong stomach, who in his time has gone through a course of Rabelais and Swift, it may be taken down and read, not only with pleasure, but with considerable profit. Under the guise of a Japanese chronicle, it is a detailed political history of England, almost of Europe, from the formation of the Newcastle and Pitt

* The History and Adventures of an Atom. By Tobias Smollett. London: 1769.

Ministry in 1757 to the elevation (or depression) of Pitt to the earldom of Chatham in 1766. More years are indeed embraced in the narrative; and in Mr. Roscoe's *Life of Smollett* its range is not incorrectly stated, as from 1754 to 1768. But, before and after the limits which we have assigned, it is much less detailed than where it treats of the period which they embrace. In making his history of England look like a chronicle of Japan, Smollett's method is extremely arbitrary. For his imaginary geography he generally goes to the map of Asia, and chooses those places with which Japan might possibly come into contact, though of course the relative position of these places to each other must not be too minutely criticized. Thus England and London respectively become Nippon, and its capital, Meaco; Scotland is Ximo; Ireland, Xicoco; France, China; and Corea, Spain. But he has followed no principle whatever in devising proper names for his persons. The unfortunate Admiral Byng becomes Bihn-goh, but he almost stands alone in his perspicuity; Admiral Hawke is punningly named Phal-Khan (Falcon); Pitt is called Tay-cho, merely, it would seem, because that name has several letters in common with Chatham, though the title is not conferred till nearly the end of the tale; the Earl of Bute is Yak-Strot, a manifest corruption of Jack Stuart; Brut-an-tiffi, the name given to Frederick the Great, perhaps points to Borussia. But we are not aware that any key to this pseudo-Japanese vocabulary is in existence, or that any of the editors of Smollett's works have thought it worth their while to illustrate the *Adventures of an Atom* with explanatory notes. The reader therefore must bring a great deal of knowledge into the book before he takes any out of it, and this is the more to be regretted as the pretended novel is really a work of contemporary history, and in some sort a supplement to Smollett's seriously written history, which does not extend beyond the death of George II. When we find M. Poitevin making an instructive volume out of the record of a handful of insignificant harlots, written by Bussy-Rabutin for the amusement of a female friend, and then perceive that a work by one of the great English prose-writers, treating of persons and things of the highest importance in their day, is constantly republished without a comment, we cannot help recurring to Sterne's now trite remark, that they manage things better in France.

However, when once the relation of the Japanese events to the English facts is established, the politics of the writer are intelligible enough, being based on the good old-fashioned principle of judging measures according to one's likings or dislikings for the men by whom they are brought forward or admired. He despises the Duke of Newcastle, whom he calls "Fiki-kaka," and eventually turns into an old woman, with all the depth of his contempt; and he hates the elder Pitt, whose pompous figures of speech he caricatures with considerable humour, with the most intense hatred, though not so much that a large measure of abhorrence is not retained for the King of Prussia. Orator Tay-cho is a mere unprincipled demagogue, who, by cajoling the multitude, has learned the art of cajoling his Royal Master, the Dairo Got-hama-baba, that is to say, King George II.; and the brilliant achievements abroad that made England illustrious during the time of his administration were performed by agents with whom he had either nothing to do, or in whose way he was rather an obstacle than otherwise. As for Brut-an-tiffi, he was a mere bandit, whose victories were so many results of sheer luck, magnified to an importance far exceeding their real worth. To Yak-Strot, the Earl of Bute, on the other hand, Smollett is decidedly favourable, but the Christian reader will be edified by observing that while the historical satirist can express his hatred without the slightest qualification, he is by no means equally reckless with his love. He cannot see a single virtue in Pitt, but, much as he respects Lord Bute, he can perfectly discern his faults, and even insult him a little on occasion. Dealing with an enemy he is a superb hater, but he is tolerably impartial when judging of a friend. To work upon the disfavour with which the people of England regarded the predilection of the early Georges for Hanover, which he calls Yesso, Smollett spares no pains, but he takes care to make it understood that the last standard he would apply to test the merits of a measure would be the amount of gratification it afforded to the multitude. The popularity of Pitt he never attempts to gainsay, but if possible would exaggerate it, as with him popularity is only a species of infamy. Mr. Lowe, whose memorable words Mr. Bright would post in every workshop, might almost be called an abject flatterer of the mob compared with Smollett, who will never even give it the attributes of humanity. It is the hydra, the "blatant beast," at the beginning, and in that character it remains to the end; and in all its excesses of joy, terror, or rage it denotes its feelings by purely brutish signs, which are described with all the author's talent for filth.

The merits of the *Adventures of an Atom* as a work of literary art are very remarkable. Having placed his figures in the imaginary country which he calls Japan, he carries out his plan with wonderful consistency and power. The characters are not merely endowed with odd-sounding names, but they move in an atmosphere which, though it is of course less Japanese than English, makes them look like uncouth but strongly-defined puppets in a fantastic show. The age of caricature in the pictorial form passed away with "H. B."; nor is there anything in common beyond satirical purpose between the works of Tenniel and those of Rowlandson and Gilray. The *Adventures of an Atom* are written in caricature, and correspond exactly to the pictorial caricature of the last century.

STANFORD'S LIBRARY MAP OF AFRICA.*

WE may congratulate the cartographer and the publisher of this magnificent series of Library Maps on the successful completion of their undertaking. Europe, Asia, North and South America, and Australasia having already appeared at irregular intervals. Mr. Keith Johnston at last finishes his great work by the publication of the finest map of Africa that has ever been engraved. Equalling the other maps of this series in the size of the sheet, which is no less than 65 inches by 58, this map of Africa is constructed on a scale of 94 miles to an inch. For the delineation of Asia a still smaller scale of 110 miles to an inch was necessary; but for all the rest it was possible to use a considerably larger scale. The only considerable defect that we can discover in the series is that the same scale has not been used in all the maps.

The publication of this map of Africa is well-timed, inasmuch as geographical discovery has of late made greater strides in this continent than even in Australia. Enormous as are the blanks on the present map, they are extraordinarily smaller than they would have been half a dozen years ago. We confess that, though we have followed the discoveries of recent African travellers with special interest, we did not know how much we owe to their researches till we found them accurately laid down in Mr. Keith Johnston's admirable delineation. It is worth while to make a comparison of this map with any previous maps of Africa. Large areas are now accurately laid down of which nothing whatever was known a few years back. And although there are vast tracts still entirely unexplored, which must be a constant temptation to adventurous spirits, yet enough has been done to raise a hope that within another quarter of a century even Equatorial Africa will have been traversed from sea to sea. But it is time to mention more particularly some of the discoveries that are now first accurately laid down on the map.

The great equatorial lakes which feed the Nile naturally first attract our observation. The Victoria Nyanza appears with its north-western and extreme southern boundaries carefully delineated, the other limits being merely guessed at. The narrow Lake Tanganyika, running nearly north and south, between the fourth and eighth degrees of south latitude, is defined with approximate accuracy in its northern half only; while the vast Albert Nyanza, Sir Samuel Baker's discovery, though explored in a portion of its north-eastern shores, stretches away towards the south-west into unknown and unimagined distance. We cannot help regretting that the tracks of the eminent travellers who first explored these regions are not somewhat more clearly indicated, with the names of their respective expeditions, as used to be the case with the voyages of the early circumnavigators in old maps of the world. It is not difficult, indeed, to follow the route of Burton and Speke, in 1857-8, from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika, with their expeditions on the waters of the lake, and Speke's journey by himself to Muanza, where he touched the southern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza. But when the route of Speke and Grant to the Nile (in 1860-3) crosses Sir S. Baker's tracks in his expedition from Gondokoro southwards, it is next to impossible to distinguish the two, until Sir S. Baker's fresh line of march diverges westward to the Albert Nyanza. As far to the west of the Albert Nyanza as that is westward of the Victoria Lake, Mr. Keith Johnston lays down the imaginary head of another "immense lake." It is a pity that he does not say on whose authority the existence of such a lake is suspected. As the map is a perfect blank thereabouts, there was ample room for some such information. It must be mentioned that such western affluents of the Nile as have been explored by Petherick, Poncet, Madlle. Tinné, and others, have been laid down in their true positions between the confluence of the Sobat and the Great Lakes. In this district there are various routes distinguished; but there is nothing to help the geographical student to identify the tracks of particular explorers. When one looks at the comparative blank in the map southward of Lake Tanganyika, it is impossible not to feel a lively interest in the expedition upon which Dr. Livingstone is at this moment engaged. Having explored the great southern Lake Nyassa, which feeds the river Shire—so famous as the scene of the death of Bishop Mackenzie and the failure of the Universities' Mission to Southern Africa—Dr. Livingstone is now endeavouring to force a passage northward, till he shall reach Lake Tanganyika, and so connect his own discoveries with those of Speke, Grant, and Baker. All this country is perfectly new ground to geographers except so far as the journey of the Portuguese party under Monteiro, in 1831, from Tete, on the Zambesi River, to Lucenda or Lunda, a town on the eighth parallel of south latitude, has made it known to us. The route of Monteiro and his companion Lacerda is most usefully laid down on the map. If it is to be depended upon, these Portuguese travellers very nearly reached the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. We do not much doubt that the eastern part of Equatorial Africa will before long be explored, in spite of the Baron von Decken's murder in his attempt to ascend the Juba river from the coast. Immediately to the south of this, the country from the Suahili coast to the edge of the great central plateau has been comparatively well explored. Here Mounts Kenia and Kikuhu to the north, and the giant Kilimanjaro to the south, are duly laid down by the cartographer. But to the extreme west of the equatorial line nothing whatever has been done. M. du Chaillu has not succeeded in penetrating to any consider-

* *Library Map of Africa.* Constructed by Alex. Keith Johnston, LL.D., &c. London: Edward Stanford.

able distance inland from the mouth of the Gaboon river. Beyond a mere strip of the coast, nothing is yet known of this district.

The extreme south of Africa is becoming thoroughly known as the British colonies of the Cape and of Natal become more fully settled. Mr. Keith Johnston distinguishes, by colouring, the political divisions of this part of the continent. The Orange River Free State, and the Transvaal Republic, both inhabited by independent settlers of Dutch origin, are thus distinguished from Basuto Land and the neighbouring British colonies. So, again, the Portuguese possessions on the Mozambique coast and on the opposite western coast are coloured green. We do not know whether the possession of the two coasts is supposed to establish a claim to the enormous intervening space of the interior. Thanks to Dr. Livingstone, the whole course of the Zambesi, and the country of Makololo, and that of Londi, are now correctly figured, thus connecting the eastern coast with the settled district of Angola on the west. Other explorers who have contributed to our knowledge of this part of Africa are Galton, Baines, Anderson, Hall, Moffat, Sanderson, and Sutherland.

We may now examine the northern shores of the African continent. Here we find that French Algeria, the Empire of Morocco, and the great Turkish Pashalics of Tunis and Tripoli are laid down much more fully and more accurately than they used to be. And not less progress has been made in the delineation of the great Sahara desert. This former ocean-bed is no longer represented as one vast uninhabited waste of sand, but is diversified by several extensive highland plateaux. For example, the mountainous regions of Askar and Hogar, explored by Duveyrier and Rohlf, and the plateau of Asben, made known to us by Dr. Barth, are diversified by green valleys and abundant water. These highlands are the country of the Tuaricks, better known to philologists as the Berbers; a red race, having no affinities with the negro. A great deal has been done for the exploration of this part of Africa by the French. Since the occupation of Senegal by France, many travellers have made their way from the west coast, through the Moorish tribes inhabiting the western parts of the Sahara, to Morocco and Algeria. Thus has been made known to geographers the considerable plateau, called Adrar or Aderer, said to be a "pastoral" region. Mr. Keith Johnston tells us, in his brief descriptive letterpress, that, in spite of our growing knowledge of the western part of the great Sahara, its eastern or Libyan part is as much a *terra incognita* to us as it was in the time of Ptolemy. The Libyan Sahara, inhabited by the Tibboos (if that be the right spelling), may be considered to be marked off from the western part, or country of the Tuaricks, by the great caravan route from Tripoli to the country of Bornu, on the shores of Lake Tchad, which was traversed by Denham and Clapperton so long ago as 1824. Other actual tracks, such as those of Hornemann in 1798, of Hamilton in 1852, and of Beurmann in 1862, are delineated in the present map; besides some caravan routes laid down by Fresnel from native information.

Finally, we find that the northern frontier of Soudan, or Negroland, is now pretty well known, where it is fringed by the southern boundaries of the Sahara. Here are fertile and populous districts stretching from the Atlantic coast to the Nile valley. We owe our knowledge of this region to the discoveries of the French from Senegal, and the labours of Barth, the unfortunate Vogel, Baillie, and May, in the basin of the Niger. The political colouring of the districts belonging to the native populations has been a difficult task to our geographers. Mr. Johnston has, however, denoted by a green outline the vast region in Western Soudan overrun by the Fellatahs or Footahs, who seem to be a superior race of negroes who have adopted the Mahometan religion and civilization, and who are gradually extending themselves southwards in the basin of the Benué. Other ethnological demarcations are attempted by colouring, which seem to us less successful. We have said enough to show the extraordinary value and interest of this map, which may be fairly said to open to the geographer an entirely new view of the African continent.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., will commence a **COURSE** of SEVENTY LECTURES on NATURAL HISTORY, at Ten o'clock on Monday next, October 1, at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street; to be continued on every Wednesday but Saturday, at the same hour. Fee for the Course, 2s.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.—QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.

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Two Scholarships to Students of the First, Two to Students of the Second, and One to Students of the Third Years; all of the value of £20 each.

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The Matriculation Examination will be held on Friday, October 19.

Further information may be obtained from the Registrar.

By Order of the President,

W. M. LUPTON, M.A., Registrar.

Queen's College, Galway, September 29, 1866.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—WINTER SESSION.—The INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be given by Dr. J. W. OGLE, on Monday, October 1, at 2 P.M. Perpetual Pupil's Fee, £100; Compounder's, £50; Dental Pupil's, £45.

UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.—The SESSION will commence on Thursday, November 1, 1866.—Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar, 1866-67," published by Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh. Price 2s. 6d.; per post, 2s. 9d.

September 1866.

ALEX. SMITH, Secretary of the University.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.—The SIXTEENTH SESSION will commence on Monday, October 1. Prospectuses of the Course of Study may be had on application to the Registrar.

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Rev. F. R. DREW, M.A., Sid. Sus. College, Cambridge.

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Full information on application to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., the Secretary.

BEDFORD COLLEGE (for Ladies), 48 and 49 Bedford Square.—Session 1866-67.—The INAUGURAL LECTURE will be delivered by ADOLPHE HEIMANN, Ph.D., on Wednesday, October 10, at Three o'clock. Admittance free to Ladies and Gentlemen on presenting their Visiting Cards. THE CLASSES will begin on Thursday, October 11.

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Charles Baring Young, Esq.

Medical Referee—SAMUEL SOLLY, Esq., F.R.S.

NOTICE.—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Michaelmas will expire on October 13.

FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCES may be effected on advantageous terms.

The Duty on Life Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum.

No Charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.

FARMING-STOCK.—No extra charge is made for the use of Steam Thrashing-Machines.

The Reversionary Bonus on British Life Policies has averaged nearly 2 per cent. per annum on the sum assured.

Equivalent reductions have been made in the Premiums payable by persons who preferred that form of Bonus.

The Divisions of Profit take place every Five Years.

Any sum not exceeding £15,000 may be insured on one Life.

This Corporation affords to the Assured—

Liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital-Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

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ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

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IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL AND RESERVE FUND, £1,000,000.

Insurances due at Michaelmas should be renewed within Fifteen days thereafter (last day October 14), or the same will become void.

All Policies are now chargeable at the Reduced Rate of Duty, viz. 1s. 6d. per cent.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

£250,000 HAVE BEEN PAID as COMPENSATION for

ACCIDENTS of ALL KINDS, by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

An Annual Payment of £3 to £6 ss. secures £1,000 in case of Death, or £10 per Week while laid up by injury. For particulars apply to the Local Agents at the Railway Stations, and Offices, 64 Cornhill, and 10 Regent Street.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.—The PHOTO-

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F.R.C.P.E.; THOMAS SCOTT, M.D. Edin., M.R.C.S.E. BEN RHYDDING, especially adapted for the Hygienic and Therapeutic treatment of Chronic Diseases during the months of Winter and Spring.—For detailed Prospectus address The Masase, Ben Rhydding by Leeds.

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NEW STYLE, which, light, graceful, and elegant in outline, combines comfort and economy with the very latest fashion. Observe the name, "Thomson," and the Trade Mark "A Crown."—Sold Everywhere.

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